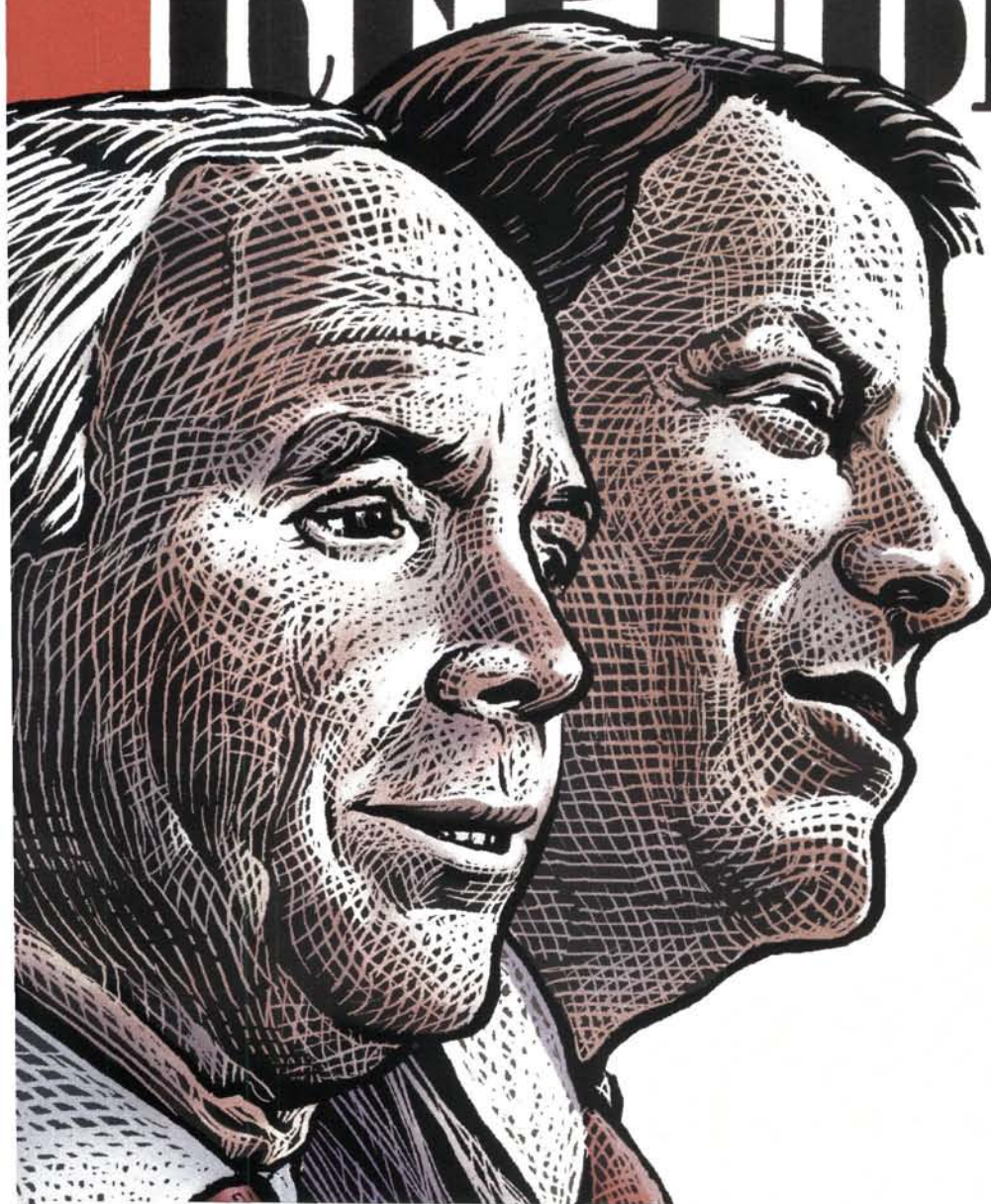


SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT ISSUE

THE

NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 6, 2000



AL
GORE

JOHN
McCAIN

THE EDITORS

WHY
THE EDITORS
ARE WRONG

ROBERT B. REICH
FRED BARNES

#BXBKDML***5-DIGIT 94301
#TNR0000068171/5#75 10DEC01



009

RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371 VM
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

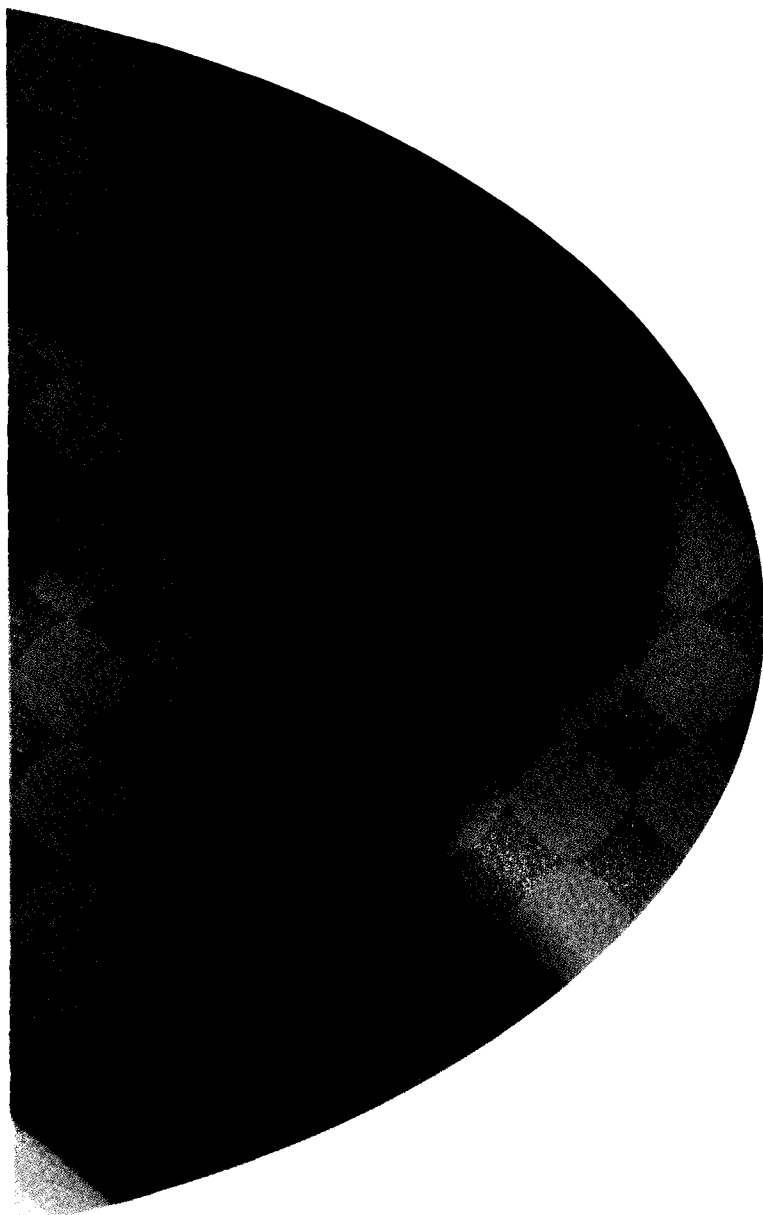


787446 8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll care for your great-great-grandchildren.





We're Pfizer.

*We're developing the cures of
the future. Spending over
2.7 billion dollars a year
in search of the wonder
drugs of the 21st century.*

*It is our greatest hope
that someday in the future,
you'll hear the announcement
that cancer has been defeated,
heart disease eliminated,
Alzheimer's eradicated. At Pfizer,
we look to the future with the
knowledge that the only thing
incurable is our passion.*



Life is our life's work.

www.pfizer.com

SIGN UP FOR YOUR 30-DAY FREE TRIAL TODAY!

sharp, insightful analysis

**gripping news
updates, hourly**



**get hooked on
cramer, greenberg
& lashinsky**

**new user
message boards**

WHAT ALL SMART INVESTORS HAVE IN THEIR BACK POCKET.

It's the secret play book of Wall Street, a road map to investment success, it's TheStreet.com®. Real-time quotes, real smart tools and real bright insights by Wall Street veterans such as James J. Cramer, Adam Lashinsky, and Herb Greenberg. Come sneak a peek at TheStreet.com with a 30-day free trial, and see what the smart investor sees every day: TheStreet.com.

© Copyright 1999, TheStreet.com, Inc

www.TheStreet.com

IF IT'S ON THE STREET, IT'S ON THESTREET.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

*A Journal of Politics
and the Arts*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND CHAIRMAN
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR

PETER BEINART

Literary Editor

LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor

NURITH C. AIZENMAN

Senior Editors

JONATHAN COHN, MICHELLE COTTLE,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, DAVID GRANN,
JOHN B. JUDIS, ANDREW SULLIVAN,
JAMES WOOD

Legal Affairs

JEFFREY ROSEN

Managing Editor

JASON ZANGERLE

Assistant Managing Editor

RUTH FRANKLIN

Films: STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater: ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry: CHARLES WRIGHT

Art: JED PERL

Architecture: MARTIN FILLER

Dance: MINDY ALOFF

Contributing Writers

MATTHEW MILLER, LEE SIEGEL

New Republic Online

MARTIN EDLUND, JEREMY MCCARTER

New Republic Books (Basic Books)

TIM BARTLETT

Contributing Editors

FOUAD AJAMI, AKHIL REED AMAR,
ELIOT A. COHEN, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN,
NATHAN GLAZER, ANTHONY GRAFTON,
ANN HULBERT, TONY JEDT, MICKEY KAUS,
MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
GLENN C. LOURY, SHERWIN B. NULAND,
DAVID RIEFF, MICHAEL J. SANDEL,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
CASS R. SUNSTEIN, MARGARET TALBOT,
E.V. THAW, MICHAEL WALZER,
SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE,
ROBERT WRIGHT

Contributing Artists

JACK COUGHLIN, VINT LAWRENCE,
DAVID SCHORR

Special Correspondent

ANNA HUSARSKA

Associate Editor

JONATHAN CHAIT

Consulting Art Director

JONATHAN HOUSTON

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator

LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Production Director

BRUCE STEINKE

Production Manager

HENRY RIGGS

Assistant Editors

KATIE ISENBERG, RYAN LIZZA,

BENJAMIN SOSKIS

Assistant to the Editor

SARAH WILDMAN

Assistant Literary Editor

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Assistant Poetry Editor

MELANIE REHAK

Reporter-Researchers

NEGAR AKHAVI, JAKE HALPERN

PUBLISHER

WILL LIPPINCOTT

Director of Finance and Operations

CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation and Marketing Director

SHANE G. BOEL

Director of Advertising, West

JOAN STAPLETON TOOLEY

Director of Advertising, Washington

NICHOLAS COSTON

Director of Advertising, New York

ELLEN JARVIS

Book Publishing Director

MELISSA LORD

Marketing Manager

SHAENAM K. SHARMA

Circulation Manager

HOPE ROBERTS

Accounting Manager

KIMBERLY HUSTAD

Advertising Associate

SHANNEL MYERS

Advertising Coordinator

ANN ROSSAKI

Accounting Assistant

BONNIE SCHWARTZ-WOLTMAN

Circulation Assistant

KELLY SPRING

Publisher's/Promotion Assistant

BRIAN GROH

Back Issues and Reception

STEVEN DAVIS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

MARCH 6, 2000

Issue 4,442

- 6 **CORRESPONDENCE** What really happened at the O.K. Corral? &c.
- 8 **SEAN WILENTZ** TRB: GIVE IT A REST The idiocy of "Clinton fatigue," Part II.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT ISSUE

- 10 **THE EDITORS** AL GORE A Democrat who can sustain prosperity, and transcend it.
- 11 **THE EDITORS** JOHN MCCAIN A Republican who can restore his party's honor.
- 14 **NOTEBOOK** Bush panders to blacks, Catholics, and Mormons (guess who's left out?), &c.
- 16 **HANNA ROSIN** SOUTH CAROLINA DISPATCH: UPWARDLY MOBILE Fundamentalist chic.
- 18 **MICHELLE COTTLE** CAMPAIGN JOURNAL: DEFINING DOWN Bush finds himself.
- 20 **FRED BARNES** THE CASE FOR BUSH Everything you think you know about W. is wrong.
- 23 **ROBERT B. REICH** THE CASE FOR BRADLEY The candidate still willing to dream.
- 26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: CARRYING ON *Ghost Dog* dresses its Mafia hits in samurai trappings; *Sex: The Annabel Chong Story* is just undressed.
- 27 **ROBERT ALTER** COSMOSITY *City of God* by E. L. Doctorow
- 30 **CHRISTINE STANSELL** THE PAGES OF EROS *Love Across Color Lines: Otilie Assing and Frederick Douglass* by Maria Diedrich; *Trials of Intimacy: Love and Loss in the Beecher-Tilton Scandal* by Richard Fox
- 37 **ELISABETH LASCH-QUINN** MOTHERS AND MARKETS Is day care good for parents or children?
- 41 **J. P. WHITE** POEM *Island Vacation*
- 46 **SARAH WILDMAN** PITTSFIELD DIARIST: CITY LIMITS

On the Cover : Illustrations by BILL RUSSELL

On the Web : www.tnr.com

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 222, Number 10, Issue 4,442, March 6, 2000. (Printed in the United States on February 23, 2000.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 3, April 17 & 24, July 10 & 17, and August 28 & September 4, 2000) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. For advertising inquiries, please contact Ann Rossaki at (202) 331-7494 or Shannel Myers in our NY sales office at (212) 924-8700. Yearly subscriptions, \$59.94; foreign, \$99.94 (U.S. funds); Canada, \$79.94 (U.S. funds). Back issues, \$4.00 (includes postage & handling). © 2000 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 331-0275. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest, Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue, and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: tnr@aol.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call 1-800-827-1289 or visit our website at www.tnr.com.

MARCH 6, 2000 : 5

Fetal position

TO THE EDITORS:

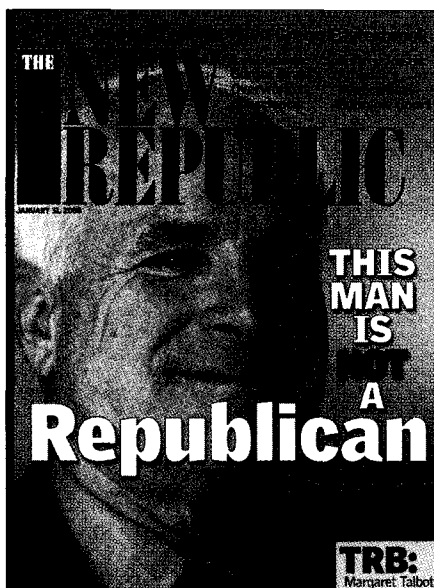
In trying to reach what he characterizes as a "compromise" between pro-choice and pro-life positions, Gregg Easterbrook suggests that we "return to the true logic of *Roe*" ("Abortion and Brain Waves," January 31). Contrary to his apparent expectation, we would welcome a return to *Roe*'s strong protection for a woman's right to choose abortion. We doubt, however, that our opponents would embrace this resolution.

Easterbrook seems to think that advocates of choice have retreated from *Roe* and have fixated instead on later cases that, he claims, make "almost any late-term abortion permissible" and "almost all late-term abortions ... elective." He is mistaken about the facts, about the law, and about the pro-choice position.

In fact, abortions performed after approximately 24 weeks of pregnancy (the ones Easterbrook calls "late-term") are not elective. The she-demons of anti-choice propaganda notwithstanding, real women do not carry fetuses for seven or eight months and then abort them on a whim. Moreover, only a handful of doctors in the nation perform such abortions. Because we both represent them and refer women to them, we know these doctors. They perform post-24-week abortions only when the fetus is severely or fatally impaired, when the woman's health is seriously at risk, or both. In large regions of the country, there is no physician courageous enough to risk her life to perform such abortions.

Nor does the law permit elective abortions after approximately 24 weeks. Forty states and the District of Columbia ban abortions after fetal viability (the point at which the fetus could survive birth) except to preserve the woman's life or, in most states, her health. These laws stand unchallenged. That is because, for the most part, they conform to the constitutional rules established by *Roe* and its progeny that protect a woman's right to terminate her pregnancy before fetal viability but permit states to ban abortion after fetal viability, with appropriate exceptions for the woman's life and health.

Easterbrook charges that the viability line is too amorphous to be enforceable. Not so. The law requires the treating physician to make a professional judgment about the point of viability. Most agree that in normal pregnancies viability occurs at approximately 24 weeks. But not all pregnancies are normal. The bright-line calendar rule Easterbrook prefers would



sabotage necessary treatment for a woman who discovers late in pregnancy that her fetus can never survive because, for example, it lacks an upper brain and so will never generate the brain waves that Easterbrook identifies as the hallmark of life.

The "late-term" bans that Easterbrook says have been struck down all over the country are not late-term bans at all. The 29 legislatures that have enacted them call them "partial-birth abortion" bans. Virtually none of these laws refer to any stage of pregnancy. Instead, they prohibit ill-defined abortion methods regardless of how early in pregnancy they are used. The overwhelming majority of courts have held that these bans violate the constitutional right to reproductive choice. Let us hope that the Supreme Court, which will hear a case on the point this term, sides with the majority rather than with Easterbrook's brother, one of the few judges in the nation to have upheld such a ban.

The constitutional line *Roe* drew at viability is the right line. Given this conviction, we decline to play the role in Easterbrook's "clash of absolutes" of "insist[ing]" that all abortions be permitted." Our opponents, on the other hand, do insist that "all be prohibited." They focus on late-term abortions to increase public support for their position while at the same time opposing any method of contraception that may cause the destruction of a fertilized egg. These are not people ready to accept abortion up to the twenty-fourth week of pregnancy. We would welcome a return to *Roe*, if only it were that easy.

CATHERINE WEISS

Director
Reproductive Freedom Project
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS:

Gregg Easterbrook's article is an admirable attempt to present the facts on both sides of the abortion debate. However, I must criticize one point. Easterbrook writes, "Society increasingly uses cessation of brain activity to define when life ends. Why not use the onset of brain activity to define when life begins?" The idea is that we should allow abortions before the onset of brain activity in fetuses because we generally consider a life to be over when brain activity ceases. But we deem it appropriate to "pull the plug" on a terminally ill person when brain activity ends not only because there is no brain activity but also because there is no reason to expect that it will resume. If we had reason to think that there were still a potential for brain activity, we would be less inclined to end treatment. I would argue that in the case of a fetus we have reason to expect the onset of brain activity. Thus we should afford it the same consideration we would to a terminally ill person about whom we had reason to believe that brain activity which had ceased might resume.

JAKE NOLAND

Charlottesville, Virginia

Whistling Dixie

TO THE EDITORS:

Benjamin Soskis's recent article on Senator John McCain and the controversy over the Confederate flag that flies above South Carolina's capitol contained vicious, vile, and untrue statements about me, which I want to rebut ("Race Man," January 31).

Soskis calls me "cantankerous," which is true, and a race-baiter, which is a lie. He states that my favorite themes "include the dilution of America's Anglo-Christian heritage and the perversity of homosexuality." So far as this goes, the statement is true: I do lament the loss of our republic's Christian heritage (as an Irishman, I am not an Anglophile), and I do state that *the homosexual act* is a perversion. But I am not homophobic, as Soskis seeks to imply. Always, always have I drawn a distinction between sin and sinner. To *be* homosexual is a tragedy, not in itself a sin; the copulation of males with males or females with females is (to Orthodox Jews, Christians, and Muslims alike) a perversion of the procreative act. I stand by that.

I did write in 1984 for *Southern Partisan* that most peoples, including Hispanics, Latins, and Eastern Europeans (at least partly Caucasian and mostly Christian), "have no temperament for democracy, never had, and probably never will"—an argument proceeding from dis-

cussion of the long-developing tradition of democratic principles that is peculiar to our founding heritage and that bred those principles into our bones, which is not the case of other populations in the world, black or brown, yellow or white. My argument is deductive, reasonable, and debatable, but by no stretch of the imagination is it invidious, as Soskis paints it.

And I did write in 1986 in connection with Rock Hudson's death that "the terrible swift sword of the dread AIDS disease is surely what in other ages would be acknowledged as a sign of God's wrath," which is historically irreproachable, though it in no way implies that I wish this retribution on homosexuals, for whom as a whole I feel deepest pity and whom individually I respect and, in the case of many close friends, deeply love.

But Soskis is not interested in the intellectual distinctions, nor in being fair: he is on the hunt; he is venting bile. He makes no mention of my Spring 1987 column for *Southern Partisan*, which opens, in all capital letters: "The diatribe that lamentably appeared in the Fall-Winter issue of *Southern Partisan* under the byline of senior editor R... W... is a gumbo soup of imprecise and absurd racist agglutinations from which I want forcefully to dissociate myself." That blast was for starters; I then wrote that the editor "suffers from a kind of mole-finned misanthropy, an exogamic phobia trembling on the brim of hysteria.... The Wogs and Nigras," I go on mockingly (and cruelly), "is gonna swamp us in theah heathen blood." I continue: "He excuses the Klan, which ... is an indefensible lapse for (a) a Southerner, (b) a gentleman, and (c) a Christian. The blasphemous cross-burning, the bullying pack psychology, the vicious hatred, the brutal spirit; not to mention the beatings and whippings and killings of which the Klan has been collectively guilty in its grotesque history; are all expunged under the intellectually rancid mop rag of a mere 'prejudice' that (as he styles it) has fallen out of style." In short, I tear into the man, and shortly thereafter (1987) I ceased writing for *Southern Partisan* altogether (no word of this from Soskis), because I suspected the magazine of a latent racism that is abhorrent to me.

My record on racism, beginning in 1948 or 1949, when I was so outraged by an offense against a black man in New York's Grand Central Station that I took a cab to the NAACP headquarters and related what I had witnessed directly to Walter White,

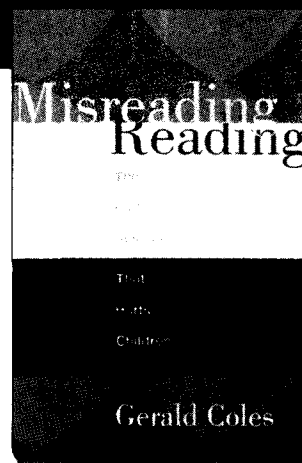
continued on page 44

BEWARE OF EDUCATION CURE-ALLS!

Misreading Reading

Gerald Coles

The Bad Science
That Hurts
Children



Across the nation, legislators and policy makers are dictating the course of literacy education—all in the name of "indisputable scientific evidence." Unchallenged, this research has impacted just about every area of reading instruction. Now, just in time, nationally renowned educational psychologist Gerald Coles enters the discussion, offering the first comprehensive, clearly written critique of the so-called evidence.

This important book examines the studies of leading researchers who have testified in various hearings and promoted policy and legislation on behalf of skills-emphasis learning, especially those financed by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD). No other book has systematically and comprehensively analyzed this work. Coles not only identifies each claim, he analyzes the research that backs it up.

0-325-00060-3 / 2000 / 160pp / Paper / \$15.00

Heinemann

To place an order, call 800-793-2154, fax 800-847-0938, or write: Heinemann, 88 Post Road West, P.O. Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881.

Save 10% when you order online: www.heinemann.com

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Give It a Rest

LAST WEEK'S TRB argued that "Clinton fatigue" does not exist. This week, the data show even more clearly that Clinton fatigue is bloviation masquerading as political science. According to a Gallup/CNN/*USA Today* survey, conducted between February 2 and February 15, President Clinton's approval rating stands at 62 percent. A Fox News/Opinion Dynamics poll puts it at an astonishing 66 percent. In *The Guardian*, Harold Evans writes, correctly, that "Bill Clinton has been a very successful president: but for the 22nd amendment he might well have run and won a third term."

But Evans is the exception that proves the rule: Among commentators, Clinton fatigue is alive and well. Take *The Washington Post's* David S. Broder, whom many consider the dean of Washington punditry. Broder has long expressed his intense dislike of the president, even saying, at the height of Kenneth Starr's crusade, that Washington was "not [Clinton's] place." Now Broder insists, contrary to fact, that the electorate is tired of the incumbent's "stunning immaturity" and that "the character question" will loom extremely large in 2000. TV pundits spew even more madcap versions of the anti-Clinton argument. John McLaughlin, host of "The McLaughlin Group," insists that the next president will be an OOB, as in "Opposite of Bill."

Broder and McLaughlin echo many other commentators who are also in denial about Clinton's popularity and who flog the Clinton-fatigue fraud. On the right, Robert L. Bartley, opinion editor of *The Wall Street Journal*—and longtime anti-Clinton conspiracy freak—recently claimed that something called "Clinton character contrast" promises to sweep away the normal rules that govern presidential elections, propelling John McCain into the White House. At *The Weekly Standard*, fellow McCainites Bill Kristol and David Brooks have celebrated what

Brooks calls "the swell of anti-Clinton sentiment" that McCain, "the anti-Clinton," has supposedly tapped.

From the left we hear similar stories of Clinton fatigue, often with Bill Bradley substituted for McCain as the anti-Clinton of choice. "It's clear," writes David Corn of *The Nation*, "that authenticity and trustworthiness are in some demand after eight years of Clintonian slickness." Robert Borosage, formerly of the Institute for Policy Studies and now a Bradley adviser, has denounced Clinton as a treacherous, truth-twisting reactionary: "Calvin Coolidge without the silence." And, although Corn's *Nation* colleague William Greider is alert enough to notice Clinton's popularity with the voters, Greider's grim assessment of what he calls Clinton's "lost presidency" leaves him utterly unable to explain that popularity, let alone Clinton's policy achievements, except as a form of mass false consciousness.

Two distinct but related types of anti-Clinton denial are at work. Right-wingers admit Clinton's success and even call him a political genius, but they insist his success is essentially a con job—the public could never truly embrace such a loathsome figure. Left-wingers, insistent that their old methods for social justice are the only morally acceptable ones, are so furious at Clinton for violating their dogmas that they cannot see that he has met many of their goals.

Conservatives such as Brooks admit that their party—and their movement—is in disarray. The Republicans, Brooks writes, are "in obvious panic." Approaching 2000, he says, "[t]hey are forced to fight the election on health and education—issues that have been traditionally Democratic." And, while the Republicans look "screwed," today's Democrats, "liberated by budget surpluses," are sitting pretty. Writes Brooks: "Progressives are right in feeling as hopeful as they do."

How did the Democrats get to this point? According to Brooks, "Clinton ... inoculated the Democratic Party from the charge that it is dangerously liberal." By so doing, Clinton helped Democrats best the GOP. Yet conservatives like Brooks who suffer from negative denial refuse to take their argument to its logical end. For, as every conservative knows, Clinton is a bad guy who can do no good, even for his own party. So Brooks says Clinton's political methods are "in disrepute." People are fed up with what he calls "the lies and the ruthlessness" of the Clinton regime. But, if they are, why are the Clintonized Democrats riding high while the GOP falls apart? Brooks traps himself into conceding Clinton's triumphs while denying Clinton's effectiveness at transforming the political landscape.

Leftists like Borosage are afflicted with a different form of denial. They cannot admit that Clinton has widened opportunities for ordinary Americans and begun to reverse persistent inequalities between the rich and the poor, because he has not done it their way. Instead, they attack Clinton as a perfidious reactionary—blasting him most recently for pursuing further debt reduction at the expense of further investment. Instead of devoting roughly \$2.5 trillion to the debt over the next ten years, Borosage would devote \$1 trillion—thereby creating a political opening for the Republicans whom Clinton has cornered.

In their denial, the leftists show that they still have not come to terms with the 1993 budget plan, which paved the way for higher wages, expanded opportunity, and lower debt (and interest rates), all without triggering inflation. Neither have they come to terms with Clinton's most recent State of the Union address, which outlined the kind of investment initiatives for which liberals have long clamored.

Nor, finally, have they come to terms with the fact that Clinton's achievements for ordinary Americans already exceed some of the left's wildest dreams. Back in the 1970s, when the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill called for reducing unemployment to four percent, even sympathizers thought the goal a utopian left-wing fantasy. But in January 2000 Clinton reached that goal. Likewise, under Clinton, families in the bottom fifth of the population in terms of wealth have enjoyed the fastest-growing mean real incomes of any group.

Now that Bradley is sputtering, the Clinton-fatigue fraud may begin to fade, at least on one side of the ideological spectrum. Those on the left, lacking a Don Quixote candidate, may find a continuation of the last eight years better than a Republican regime, and that will force them to adjust their historical lenses. What's their alternative—Ralph Nader? But those on the right will force whomever they nominate into the anti-Clinton role; it's all they've got. With tax-cutting and social conservatism wildly unpopular with the general electorate, the GOP needs to cast someone as the paragon of decency and good character who can redeem America from eight years of moral decay. If McCain fails, as seems unavoidable, that person will have to be George W.

Good luck. The likeliest story of this political year is the one all the Clinton fatiguers once deemed impossible—the election of the anti-anti-Clinton, the purveyor of continued peace and prosperity: Clinton's vice president, Al Gore.

SEAN WILENTZ

Haverhills' Best Sellers*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

More than just a telescope...more than just a microscope...

Episcope™
(the complete vest-pocket optical system)

still only

\$59.95*

Remove the Episcope™ from its fitted leather case and it's a 30x telescope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The Episcope™, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic. The Episcope™ is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications. Episcope™ #1062F500a

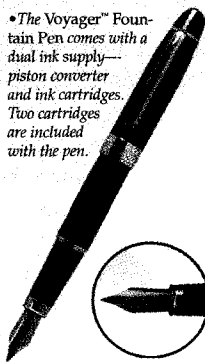


*Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the Episcope™ resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!

Enter a whole new world of writing pleasure...

Voyager™ Fountain Pen
still only **\$49.95***

The Voyager™ Fountain Pen, another in the line of Fujiyama luxury writing instruments, is equal or superior to the great pens of Europe and America in function and appearance, quite indistinguishable in heft and feel. The 2-tone rib of the Voyager™ Fountain Pen is heavily 18-kt. gold-plated, tipped by a silky-smooth iridium point. Just as those fine European and American pens, Voyager Pens are tastefully decorated with gold-plated applications and pocket clip. The truly astonishing thing about the Voyager™ Fountain Pen is the price. If you now write with ballpoint pens, you can't know what a pleasure it is to write with liquid ink and with a truly fine fountain pen. The pen flows effortlessly across the paper—there is no need to exert pressure. You can write on and on without tiring. Order your Voyager™ Fountain Pen(s) today! Voyager™ Fountain Pen #1001F500d



*The Voyager™ Fountain Pen comes with a dual ink supply—piston converter and ink cartridges. Two cartridges are included with the pen.

Never let a dead car battery stall you again—go with...

Car Starter II™
only **\$49.95***



The sickening "click-click" of a dead car battery is the most discouraging sound a motorist can hear. You are stranded—sometimes for hours or in dangerous neighborhoods—or are dependent on the kindness of strangers, who might not even have jumper cables. And you know how dangerous jumper cables (and strangers!) can be.

This can never happen to you with Car Starter II™, a portable power source that will charge your car battery in 15 minutes or less—just by plugging it into your cigarette lighter! After use, you can recharge the unit again right through that same cigarette lighter. And that isn't all: You can also use Car Starter II™ to operate any and all 12-volt appliances, such as small TV sets (up to 16 hours), portable fridges, cellular phones (up to 100 hours), camcorders, and much more.

Don't ever again worry about a dead battery and a stalled car—give convenience and safety to yourself and your loved ones and order your Car Starter II™ unit(s) today! Car Starter II™ #1080F500b

*Car Starter II™ will keep its charge for years and will work in the most extreme hot/cold temperature conditions. Its output is an astonishing 7.5 amp-hrs., incomparably higher than any competing unit. Car Starter II™ measures 8.5" x 2" x 2" and weighs only 27 oz. You should always keep it in the glove compartment of every one of your cars!

Increase your hearing range by a factor of 10x, and get top-notch FM stereo reception besides, with...

PowerVox VII™ (Hearing Mate)
only **\$49.95***

The instructions of PowerVox VII™ (Hearing Mate) caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try it, because this instrument is truly amazing in its sound amplification—up to 10 times the actual level. You will be able to hear a pin drop 10 feet away, television, the movies, and the theater without any trouble, and every little sound in your surroundings. A walk through the woods will let you listen to birds, deer, squirrels, and even little crawly things. Tired of listening to the world or to people? Simply push the blue button and you will scan your choices of the FM stations in your area, in truly marvelous stereo fidelity. PowerVox VII™ (Hearing Mate) comes with belt/pocket clip and two AAA batteries. PowerVox VII™ (Hearing Mate) #1076F500e



*PowerVox VII™ (Hearing Mate) does for hearing what binoculars do for seeing. It brings everything 10-times closer. PowerVox VII™ is not a medical hearing device. It is a way for you to experience the world of sound around you—and to enjoy outstanding FM stereo reception.

Rid your home of varmints and pests once and for all...

Rodelsonix IX™
only **\$69.95***

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old-fashioned poisons get rid of them—but only temporarily, and they are a hazard to you and to your pets. Rodelsonix IX™ works on a different principle: It delivers a tremendous blast of ultra-sound—inaudible to you and your pets—that disrupts the nervous systems of those pests. They'll leave your home within a few weeks—never to return. No poison and no mess.

Rodelsonix IX™ is an industrial-type unit designed and engineered to be effective in restaurants, factories, and food-processing plants. It protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even adjust it to keep larger pests, such as raccoons or rabbits, at bay. Rodelsonix IX™ #1007F500c



Almost as bright as the sun...

Night Piercer™
1 Million CandlePower Halogen Spotlight
only **\$69.95***

The Night Piercer™ casts a focused beam that can be seen for many miles. It is 20-times brighter than automobile headlights, more luminous than aircraft landing lights. This powerful light is indispensable for tracking and exploring unknown territory and for any contingencies at night, in plane, boat, truck, or car. With its red gel, the Night Piercer™ can be a lifesaver in any emergency. The unit contains two sealed heavy-duty lead-acid batteries and can be recharged either through your household current or through the cigarette lighter socket of your car, RV or boat. Both adapters are included, of course. The Night Piercer™ should be your companion on all your travels. Don't leave home without it—order it today! Night Piercer™ #1072F500f



*Night Piercer™ is constructed of heavy-duty high-impact polypropylene. It comes with a super-bright 100-watt halogen bulb and red gel for use as warning light. 110-volt and 12-volt rechargers are also included.

***Our "special deal": BUY ANY 2 ITEMS AND GET ANOTHER ONE FREE!**

For instance: Buy a \$69.95 item and a \$49.95 item and get another \$49.95 or lesser-priced item FREE!

(H4s)

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER BY TOLL-FREE PHONE OR BY FAX.
SEE NUMBERS BELOW.

For customer service, please call (415) 643-2810. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number shown after the item. Add \$4.95 shipping/insurance for your order (except three Car Starter II units or three Rodelsonix IX for \$9.90), plus sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

④ Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818 ④

Visit our website at www.haverhills.com

MARCH 6, 2000



Al Gore



ENDORSEMENTS ARE NOT just about candidates; they are also about moments in political time. And a tour of this magazine's recent presidential endorsements shows just how distinct the current moment is. From 1980 to 1996, THE NEW REPUBLIC

quadrennially found a new context for the same plea: that the Democratic Party abandon the self-serving dogmas that kept it from embodying liberalism's noblest

aims. This election year, for the first time, that plea may no longer be necessary. As the Clinton administration draws to a close, it leaves a Democratic Party cleansed of many of the habits that long alienated it from average Americans and from its own best traditions. The Democratic Party is today, far more than it was a decade ago, a party of fiscal conservatism, international engagement, and social responsibility. And it is no coincidence that America, under its watch, is stronger, more prosperous, and more content than it has been in close to half a century.

The challenge for this year's Democratic nominee, then, is not to lead an insurgency against the party's prevailing condition but to consolidate it against old threats in new guises. This task is complicated by the fact that some of those threats are also the residue of Clintonism. Much of the struggle in this year's Democratic race has been over how to interpret the last eight years: what to celebrate, what to disavow. Both Al Gore and Bill Bradley, we can safely say, are free from the personal pathologies that have tarnished Clinton's presidency. But Bradley would build upon its ideological pathologies—those remnants of the reflexive paleoliberalism that was once the Democratic Party's stock-in-trade. Gore, on the other hand, by divesting Clintonism of its backsliding and its double-talk, has the potential to complete the work for which this magazine held such high hopes eight years ago: building a Democratic Party capable of holding America's moral center for years to come.

In the 1980s, in a party led by Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis, Gore and Bradley stood out for their heresies. Neither sneered at the rebuilding of America's military; neither embraced the left-nationalist protectionism of Richard Gephardt and the AFL-CIO; neither viewed deregulation as a dirty word; neither saw wealth redistribution as the heart of liberal economics. When TNR endorsed Gore in the Democratic presidential primary in 1988, it observed

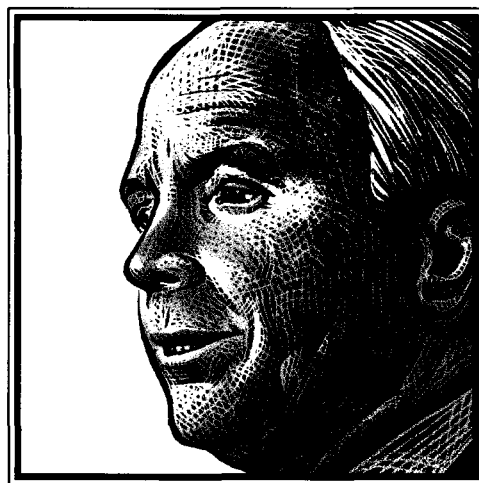
that "many of those who hoped that Bill Bradley would run this year are altogether satisfied with Gore. Both Senator Gore and Senator Bradley are known as tribunes of a foreign policy built around a strong defense and the careful nurturing of America's alliances."

But, over the past decade, the two men have become ideological strangers. In 1990, at a time when the Soviet retreat gave Democrats a new excuse for the isolationism that had long coursed through the party, Bradley voted against the use of force to repel Iraq from Kuwait. Gore, along with just nine other Democrats in the Senate, voted for it. And the instincts that those votes revealed have grown stronger in the ensuing years. On Bosnia, Haiti, and other troubled areas, Gore has been one of the Clinton administration's most reliable advocates of American military power. And, unlike some post-cold-war liberal interventionists, he recognizes that you can't stop genocide on the cheap; he supports higher military spending. Bradley does not, and he seems to want

continued on page 13

John McCain

THIS MAGAZINE HAS never before endorsed a candidate in a Republican primary. We are breaking precedent because, for the first time in recent memory, a serious Republican presidential candidate is seeking to remake his party into something other than the political arm of the privileged few. There are many issues on which we think John McCain is wrong, and even more on which he has been so vague that we cannot fully know. But his battle for the



character of his party is so important that all Americans concerned about the integrity and decency of our political system should make his cause their own.

For most of his career, McCain was a fairly conventional right-wing senator—notable for his personal heroism but neither a distinguished thinker nor a distinguished legislator. He accepted, without meaningful dissent, first the tenets of Reaganism and then those of Gingrichism. And he seemed neither inclined nor equipped to challenge the political party and the political movement whose direction he had loyally followed since he first entered politics.

But over the past year McCain has undergone one of the most astonishing and most unusual transformations in modern American political history. And, as the pace of the campaign has increased, so has the pace of the transformation. How it began, and where it is going, we doubt anyone truly knows, perhaps not even the senator himself. But, even in its embryonic form, it is already the most important internal challenge to Republi-

can economic orthodoxy in a generation. McCain's is not the first presidential crusade of the post-cold-war era—Pat Buchanan's and even Ross Perot's candidacies were also crusades. But it is the first crusade in which this nation can take pride.

If nothing else, McCain has proven that, in a presidential campaign, honesty need not mean political suicide. He invites reporters to question him for hours on end, and he answers spontaneously, without checking with advisers or referring to talking points. McCain's rivals charge—and reporters sheepishly concur—that the senator's charm and access have bought off the media, or at least biased it unconsciously. Perhaps so, but reducing the "Straight Talk Express" phenomenon to a crass exchange of access for puffery misses the point. Recent decades have seen an ever drearier procession of scripted candidates who view the media as nothing more than an instrument through which to transmit their chosen sound bites. In part, this process has been encouraged by reporters themselves, who, by mindlessly trolling for gaffes, reward robotic candidates and punish imaginative ones. McCain, through his radical openness, has changed this dynamic. His accessibility allows the media, and through it the voters, to glean a deeper insight into his person, thus raising the level of political discourse. Certainly, this advances the press's narrow interest in good copy, but the broader interest is the public's right to know.

Even more important is what McCain has actually said. And what he's said represents the beginnings of an alternative to the plutocratic conservatism that has defined the Republican Party for more than two decades. McCain's break with the right began with campaign finance reform. And this issue has remained at the heart of his platform. But his framing of it has changed in ways that reveal a great deal about his broader intellectual metamorphosis. At

continued on page 12

McCain *continued from page 11*

first he portrayed campaign finance reform as a matter of personal honor and, in goo-goo fashion, failed to connect his procedural reform with any substantive policies. In recent months, however, he has placed it in the context of broader reforms of the tax code, the federal budget, and managed care. And in so doing he is fashioning a reform conservatism that he accurately contrasts with the moneyed conservatism that has dominated his party for so long.

CENTRAL TO THAT reform conservatism is McCain's rejection of large-scale tax-cutting, the predominant Republican fiscal policy for two decades. Here his ideological contrast with George W. Bush is most dramatic. Bush proposes a tax cut much larger than the projected on-budget surplus, which means that it would either necessitate large spending cuts or bring back deficits. Despite his refrain of "compassion," Bush's fiscal program would once again paralyze government. Most revealing is the logic that Bush, echoing other Republicans, employs on his tax plan's behalf. The surplus, he insists, "is not the government's money; it is the people's money." This is not an argument on utilitarian, pie-expanding grounds but on the basis of individual entitlement. Devoting the surplus toward some collective good—defense, say, or shoring up Social Security—is illegitimate, since the money belongs to "the people," whose interests are unrelated to those of "the government."

McCain, by contrast, talks about the budget surplus as an opportunity to ease the burden on future generations by reducing the federal debt. This is not just a different argument from the one Republicans usually employ, it is a different *kind* of argument, rooted in the interests of society as a whole. In point of fact, McCain's philosophy leads him to propose a role for government that is fairly stingy by the standards of the Democratic Party but still far closer to Bill Clinton than to Bush. McCain is predisposed against government intervention, but not unalterably so. Asked recently about a prescription drug benefit, he said, "If it requires a government program, then I'll support a government program to do that."

McCain exacerbates his heresy by attacking Bush's plan on distributional grounds—he frequently notes that Bush's tax cut would bestow 38 percent of its benefits upon the wealthiest one percent of all taxpayers. In other words, he is not arguing against tax cuts merely on the basis of old-fashioned fiscal conservatism, a doctrine that was supplanted by Reaganism but never completely disappeared from the Republican Party. He is viewing them through the framework of economic class—an analytical perspective utterly antithetical to modern conservatism. McCain may not yet have many ideas on how to narrow the gap between rich and poor, but, by attacking policies that would compound it, he places himself in direct opposition to the most cherished notions of the conservative movement.

Not all of McCain's convictions directly collide with Republican dogma. But his longest and most vociferously held conservative positions happen to be ones that liberals ought to agree with. In Congress, McCain has compiled one

of the strongest records of resistance to pork-barrel spending. He even extends that opposition to defense pork, a rare and audacious position among Republicans, who shamelessly lard the military budget with weapons systems the Pentagon doesn't want. McCain makes it clear that he sees military spending as a way to strengthen defense, not as an excuse to reward a GOP interest group.

On foreign policy, again, McCain's contrast with his opponent is instructive. Bush says he would limit military intervention to "our national strategic interest." He told a crowd in Michigan, "I'll also tell our allies: 'If there's a conflict in your area, *you* get to put the troops on the ground, *you* get to keep the warring parties apart, *you* get to be the peacekeepers.'" McCain specifically decries this sort of isolationist jingoism. "We are driven by Wilsonian principles," he said recently. "There are times when our principles and our values are so offended that we have to do what we can to resolve a terrible situation." On both foreign policy and defense reform, McCain's war heroism gives him what Clinton never had: the political capital necessary to make unpopular decisions.

WHAT ABOUT THE bad stuff? It's there—but not in the places liberals have been looking. Much has been made of McCain's conservative voting record, but, as conservatives well understand, the senator has evolved to the point where his record explains little of his current thinking. Sure, he still touts the conservative line on social issues, but he speaks with so much ambiguity and so little passion that it's hard to believe he'd do anything about them.

This is reassuring, as far as it goes. Yet it undermines what is supposed to be McCain's strongest rationale: his honesty. McCain climaxes his stump speech with a promise that "I will always tell you the truth, no matter what." But McCain's public comments on abortion, for example, verge on incoherent. Last year he stated that he would not repeal *Roe v. Wade* "in the short term, or even the long term." He subsequently backpedaled and has repeatedly brought up his pro-life voting record without explaining why he still holds to it. If McCain is not masking his position, he is, at the very least, failing to share the full complexity of it. Worse, McCain has flip-flopped on the Confederate flag, eventually settling upon agnosticism, the reason for which he has likewise failed to elucidate.

But these flaws pale before the importance of McCain's crusade to reshape the GOP. The party he confronts has all the venality of the spoilsmen whom Theodore Roosevelt confronted a century ago. Is McCain T.R.? Of course not—but, then again, T.R. was not T.R., either; he was a complicated figure, as much a conservative as a progressive, whose accomplishments did not fully match his trust-busting swagger. The founding editors of this magazine fell hard for Roosevelt—"I loved him," recalled Walter Lippmann—and they were eventually disappointed. And McCain might disappoint as well. But we are willing to hope. For, if his crusade succeeds, America will have two parties advocating some reasonable approximation of the public good rather than one. ■

Gore *continued from page 10*

interventionism on the cheap in another way as well. In this campaign he has suggested that foreign interventions may not require American troops, since the United Nations will take the lead—a long-standing liberal illusion we had hoped Bosnia would forever dispel.

On domestic policy, the two candidates have also drawn very different lessons from the past eight years. The press has ridiculed Gore's attacks on Bradley for leaving the Senate in 1996. But the two men's reactions to the Gingrich revolution define much of the debate between them today. For Bradley, the Clinton administration's response to the Republican congressional takeover represented, at base, a betrayal. The only Clinton legacy with which Bradley is willing to associate is the legacy of the first two years. Bradley's health care plan, in its vast complexity and its political utopianism, conjures the pharaonic exercise in social engineering disastrously proposed by Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner. And, in his self-righteous and somewhat insular insistence on striding headfirst into the most polarizing battles of the culture war—for instance, in his sweeping gun-control proposal—Bradley courts exactly the backlash from rural, conservative America that hit Clinton so hard in November 1994.

For Bradley, the problem with Clinton, and with Gore, is that in 1994 they lost the courage to think big, to resurrect the spirit and the substance of the Great Society, and contented themselves instead with timid changes on society's margins. With this argument Bradley shows a deep misunderstanding of the New Democratic project. The point that this magazine, and others, made over and over during the 1980s was that liberalism must be judged by its ends rather than its means. There is no valor in proposing enormous government projects that don't pass, or that pass and do no good. Less hubristic, less intrusive remedies often work better. Tinkering—or what used to be called meliorism—is not always a form of timidity; it is sometimes a method of responsible improvement. And programs that place moral expectations on their beneficiaries also work better—not only because they make sure government money isn't squandered but also because they assure middle-class and working-class Americans that their government doesn't give something for nothing.

Nowhere is this distinction clearer than in Gore's and Bradley's reactions to welfare reform. Where Bradley saw an abandonment of traditional Democratic guarantees, Gore saw a way to rid liberalism of an albatross that sapped government of its moral credibility. Gore was the meliorist, and he was right: the nightmare scenarios painted by the bill's opponents have not come to pass, and more former welfare recipients have found jobs than anyone on the left believed possible. What's more, welfare reform has helped restore trust in government—and has contributed to a public mood that now consistently rejects the tax-cutting, anti-Washington conservatism that for so long made activist government impossible.

In his proposals on health care, gun control, and education, Gore builds upon a different legacy of Clintonism—not the Clintonism of Hillarycare but the Clintonism of deficit reduction, the Earned Income Tax Credit, and the increased

minimum wage. Gore's proposals, like the best of Clinton's, do not require massive new bureaucracies, and they join social justice with moral responsibility and fiscal conservatism. They are, in other words, genuine reforms. Bradley and others on the left look impatiently upon this reformist spirit. They consider it a betrayal of the Democratic tradition and prefer to imagine something that can be called revolutionary. But it is precisely Clinton and Gore's prudent and unexciting insistence that social spending not imperil deficit reduction which has helped spark the extraordinary private-sector boom of recent years. That boom, with its sustained tight labor market, has finally brought about what all the left-wing programs of the past three decades could not: a higher standard of living for working-class and poor Americans.

Gore has not run his primary campaign exactly as we would have liked. He has pandered to farmers on ethanol, he has pandered to civil rights leaders on racial preferences, and he has pandered to the teachers' unions on school vouchers. He has at times distorted Bradley's record, and his own. But neither has Bradley's campaign been an exercise in political edification. He has pandered quite a bit himself. He takes substantive criticism as a moral offense. He has a tendency, which voters are finding less and less appealing, to whine.

The early rap against Gore was that he could not win. Now it is clear he can, and we are not surprised. He is a strong candidate for two simple reasons. First, the professional character assassins can scream all they want, but it is clear to most Americans that Gore has a far different, and far better, relationship with the truth than does Clinton. The president's various ethical infidelities were clear long before he entered the White House; Gore, by contrast, has a long history in public life that attests to his personal decency. Americans may not find Gore glamorous or charismatic, but in his earnestness, his depth of knowledge, and his capacity for hard work he embodies a sensibility of seriousness that our culture lacks, and that it needs. John McCain is not the only candidate capable of inspiring the young.

Secondly, Gore is a credible steward of America's post-industrial boom because, unlike Bradley or George W. Bush, he genuinely supports the fiscal conservatism that helped bring it about. He is also the only candidate this year in either party—indeed, the only presidential candidate in recent memory—with a sophisticated grasp of the scientific advances that are remaking our economy and society. And that is important not simply because it will help him manage the economy. If there is a blemish that mars this fortunate moment, it is that the rampant worship of money, the growing religion of technology, and America's rising indifference to the rest of the world are conspiring to weaken our sense of moral accountability and common calling. Gore, a realist willing to defend American principle abroad and a man who understands science deeply enough to grasp its ethical limits, has the potential not simply to sustain our giddy, golden age of materialism but to help America transcend it. He knows how to attach America's prosperity to America's purpose. His nomination would be a credit to a party in which he—and this magazine—still believes. ■

KEMP, A FORMER TEAMMATE OF O.J. SIMPSON'S:

George W. Bush, as he has reminded us several thousand times, is "a uniter, not a divider." And his efforts during the campaign to demonstrate this have grown comically transparent. When Bush rolled out Jack Kemp's endorsement in New Hampshire, his campaign wrote up two different press releases for mainstream and minority media outlets. The mainstream release called Kemp a "leading conservative and former vice presidential nominee." The minority release identified him as a "former Buffalo Bills quarterback, vice presidential nominee, and Housing and Urban Development Secretary." After a Bush speech in South Carolina, a *Washington Post* reporter interviewed a black high school student who sat on the dais in view of the camera. The student revealed that she "didn't really know anything about" Bush until the event but attended at the behest of her history teacher and, while waiting in the audience, was invited by a campaign official to sit behind the candidate. Following South Carolina, Bush found himself in hot water for his appearance at Bob Jones University, whose official literature alleges—among other anti-Papist remarks—that the pope is "the Antichrist." This called for quick corrective action. First, Bush enlisted a slew of Republican Catholic pols—including New York Governor George Pataki, Massachusetts Governor Paul Cellucci, and New Mexico Senator Pete Domenici—to vouch for his goodwill toward Catholics. Bush even asked Utah's Mormon governor, Mike Leavitt (Bob Jones doesn't think much of Mormons, either), to deliver a testimonial on his behalf. No word yet on whether Pennsylvania Senator Arlen Specter, the GOP's highest-ranking Jewish elected official, will be asked to weigh in as well. Then, in addition to the usual Hispanic and black faces Bush surrounds himself with, for his Michigan primary-night speech the governor had alongside him a man in a collar and other priestly garb. You could almost see the deliberative wheels turning behind the scenes. (Let's get a guy with a crucifix around his neck—no, too subtle.) So is there any group to which Bush won't shamelessly pander? Actually, it turns out that there is—a group so reviled by Bob Jones that alumni who belong to it have been threatened with arrest if they show up on campus: gays. W. doesn't gather testimonials about his admiration and love for gays and lesbians (from, for instance, the GOP's two openly gay congressmen). He just cavorts with those who hate them and leaves it at that. Suddenly, all that pandering doesn't seem so bad.

PULLING RANK: In 1948, the eminent Harvard University historian Arthur M. Schlesinger conducted the first comprehensive ranking of American presidents, asking 55 leading historians for their verdicts. Nearly 50 years later, in December 1996, his son, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., conducted a similar poll for *The New York Times*, surveying 32 prominent academics and public figures. And last week C-SPAN presented us with a poll of its own. This one was masterminded by a former Schlesinger Jr. jurist, ubiquitous media

hound Douglas Brinkley. Brinkley and his 57 fellow panelists were selected from the "observers of the presidency" C-SPAN recruited for its 41-week "American Presidents" series. Despite its celebratory review last November in *The Weekly Standard*, the series was more an exercise in patriotic puffery than real scholarship. And, sure enough, though C-SPAN's panel does include a few distinguished scholars, most notably David Donald, Robert Dallek, and Merrill Peterson—the last two also served as Schlesinger Jr. judges—it is dominated by pop biographers, unaffiliated writers, and even one adjudicator described by C-SPAN as an "Indianapolis presidential memorabilia collector." In each episode of the televised biography series, C-SPAN assembled curators and writers to discuss the featured president; similarly, in the poll, each chief executive is nicely matched with a corresponding biographer or devotee. Especially heavily represented are the directors and researchers at the presidential libraries, with envoys from the libraries of Ford, Hoover, Kennedy, and Truman. Not surprisingly, this arrangement was kind to the modern presidents, whose legacies are still fresh and whose former supporters (an LBJ aide was among the judges) are still among the living. In fact, every single president since FDR rose from his position in the Schlesinger Jr. poll. The most dramatic promotion was that of Nixon, who shot up from dead last in *The New York Times*' poll to the middle tier—number 25—in the C-SPAN tally. No doubt this pleased jurist Stephen Ambrose, Brinkley's patron and predecessor at the University of New Orleans's Eisenhower Center, who has written a sympathetic biography of Nixon. Carter, the lucky subject of a Brinkley bio, also jumped up three spots. But, though the poll contributes little to our understanding of the presidents' legacies, there is something curiously apropos about it. In a season in which the presidency is so closely associated with special interests, C-SPAN has given us a poll conducted by presidential lobbyists. And it makes one thing very clear: James Buchanan, who dropped to last place in the C-SPAN poll, needs a new p.r. man.

THE SUMMIT, C'EST MOI: As last week's National Summit on Africa—a five-day Washington, D.C., extravaganza designed to foster better relations between the United States and the world's poorest continent—drew to a close, its organizers sang its praises. "It's been extremely uplifting, inspirational," gushed Leonard Robinson, the summit president and former assistant secretary of state under Ronald Reagan. Said summit spokesperson Sunni Khalid: "It was a tremendous, overwhelming success. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 7,000 people came. The synergy in the halls between Africans and Americans was incredible." Alas, in that group of 7,000 synergistically inclined people, there was only one African head of state; 49 others decided to stay home. And who was the one leader left to express his continent's aspirations? Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi, a long-serving, notoriously corrupt, frequently brutal, and none-too-bright thug. Not surprisingly,

Moi turned the occasion—which was funded by the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, and various corporations like Chevron—into a vehicle more for his own aspirations than for his continent's. He secured a private meeting with President Clinton, for which the administration should be called to account. Why the summit's organizers, who had the good sense to leave the leaders of Liberia, Libya, Somalia, and the Sudan off the guest list, gave Moi a platform is a mystery and a scandal. And not just to us. On the last day of what was hoped to be a unifying event, 170 delegates signed a petition objecting to Moi's presence at the summit. Now that's synergy.

A N ACTION HERO FOR OUR TIME: The Arlington Cemetery memorial, an aircraft carrier, a performing-arts center, and an airport are named for him. Now another eternal remembrance of John F. Kennedy is on the way: the JFK action figure. This week the Hasbro corporation, maker of G.I. Joe toys, told *The Boston Globe* it had reached an agreement with the John F. Kennedy Library to produce a G.I. Joe

doll designed to resemble JFK at the time of his service in World War II. The action figure will portray JFK as commander of PT-109, the torpedo boat that went down in the Pacific, leaving Kennedy and his shipmates stranded on an island. Clad in Navy combat fatigues—just like the ones the real JFK wore!—and complete with a scale model of the famous coconut in which JFK inscribed a rescue message, the figure is sure to be a hit with kids and collectors alike. (Suggested retail value: \$30.) This is not Hasbro's first such project. The G.I. Joe "Classic Collection" series, introduced four years ago in an attempt to revive G.I. Joe toys, has also featured replica figurines of George Washington and Omar Bradley. In 1998, the company began producing a Colin Powell figure in return for a donation to some of Powell's favorite charities. This time, in exchange for permission to use JFK's image, Hasbro offered to donate part of the proceeds to the Kennedy Library Foundation. The company hasn't said how much, but a company official did tell the *Globe* that Hasbro would treat the image with respect. As much respect as one can pour into a G.I. Joe figurine. ■

V I N T ' S W E E K



South Carolina Dispatch

Upwardly Mobile

By HANNA ROSIN

IF YOU BELIEVE the South Carolina autopsy reports, John McCain was done in by people like Mary Johnston. A church volunteer who writes frequent letters to the editor, Johnston is the exotic evangelical species reporters blamed for McCain's crushing defeat. As the story goes, she and her church buddies dragged George W. Bush from the mainstream to the fringe right, turned him into a raving theocrat, and levitated him to victory.

It's true that Johnston voted for Bush. But she didn't do it because he palled around with the Bob Jones University mullahs, touted "Judeo-Christian values" for schools, and stretched out his drawl. In fact, what Johnston really wanted from Bush was for him "to be who he is," i.e., part of the establishment, respectable, someone who wouldn't cause embarrassment. Johnston didn't want Bush to be more like her. She wanted to be more like him.

Like many religious conservatives, what determined her vote was not right-wing zealotry but class envy. "I want to give them all the opportunities he had," she says of her three children, one of whom she claims looks like the young Bush. "We don't have the money the Bushes had, but I'll make sure they go to the best schools, first grade to college."

The first clue to Johnston's true aspirations came when I visited her Rock Hill home and she quickly hid an eye-catching newspaper photo. "Oh, it's nothing, nothing," she said, shoving it under the pile on her kitchen counter. Only when pressed did she explain.

The photograph, spread across several columns of the *Rock Hill Herald*, showed a rough-looking crowd gathered in a place called Chester. Located in the woolly backcountry of the Appalachians, Chester is a half-hour drive from the striving suburb where Johnston lives, but psychologically it is much further away. As she sheepishly admitted, Johnston used to live there. And that stain on her past never ceases to embarrass her.

The fine citizens of Chester, the accompanying article explains, have organized a committee to protect the mobile home ("Protect the mobile home!" Johnston exclaimed. "Can you believe it?!"), protesting new limits on that ubiquitous and cherished Southern institution. "They're so uneducated," she said of her former neighbors, no doubt privately shuddering at some loathsome 7-Eleven encounter from her past.

"They're so rude."

HANNA ROSIN covers religion for *The Washington Post*.

"I mean, all kinds of things go on in those trailers, all hours of the night."

"You want some tea?"

Like much of the recently rural South, the South Carolina upland is packed with churchgoers secretly envious of their coastal betters in Charleston. Almost all the religious conservatives I interviewed there in the days before the South Carolina primary said they used to have rednecks as neighbors or as relatives, or that they used to be rednecks but no longer are. Jim Ardrey, who lives on a parcel of land his family has owned for 100 years, complained, "They didn't know what to do with it, because they were all, you know, rednecks."

Ardrey, though, does know what to do with it. He's taken the land and built a housing development, Ardrey Acres, with massive brick houses in faux Southern Colonial style, hedges trimmed to resemble swans. His next project is obvious: a golf course.

Many of the religious conservatives I spoke with remembered odd status details about Bush, like what brand of shirt he prefers or which cigars are his father's favorite. They knew every school he'd gone to and for exactly which years. Meanwhile, the rumors circulating in the evangelical world about McCain—while presumably spread to question his moral fitness—had a whiff of white trash about them: he had bastard children, he drank too much beer.

The affection for Alan Keyes was an open hydrant, gushing, "outstanding orator," "has his pulse on where the heart is," "accepts the Scriptures as is." People could quote whole paragraphs of Keyes's speeches by heart. But the love was ultimately doomed; all said they would never, ever vote for him. "We need men like Keyes," said Ardrey, "good God-fearing men who have a strong sense of the difference between right and wrong." Sounds perfect, no? "But he turns people off. He needs to go slower," Ardrey said. Like an uncle you're quite fond of but who might make a scene in public, Keyes was loved but best kept locked up. He passed every Christian-right litmus test but the most important one: he didn't appeal to the new Christian-right snobbery.

THAT YEARNING REFLECTS an anxiety about status in the Christian right at large. *Left Behind*, last year's best-selling series chronicling the apocalypse, is chock-full of status symbols, as Michael Joseph Gross points out in a recent review in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Everyone in the books is smart and beautiful. One character is "Ivy League educated," another is an "erudite reader." The books pause to savor important brand-name toys, like Range Rovers loaded with all the accoutrements—built-in cell phones and entertainment systems. Sometimes the swagger produces painful garbling; one character looks "as if he had come off the cover of a Fortune 500 edition of *GQ*."

Mainstream envy shows up even at Bob Jones, perhaps America's last bastion of true fundamentalist separatism. Outside South Carolina, Bob Jones represents the noxious whiff of the racist South. But, inside the state, what's surprising about Bob Jones is how well it's integrated into the Republican Party, how seamlessly Bob Jones people have



Strong stuff

TALK ABOUT EXPLOSIVE. Talk about *The New Republic*: the award-winning journal of opinion that takes you beyond the news of politics, culture, and the arts, to the debates, dialogues, and didactics. And now we have a bold new look from cover to cover. Check it out. Subscribe now. Just fill out the attached coupon, send it in, and grab the magazine that has influenced America, its leaders and policymakers for 85 years. *The New Republic* — the most powerful opinion magazine around. And that's a fact.

**THE NEW
REPUBLIC**

America's Preeminent Journal of Opinion

Visit our Web site at <http://www.thenewrepublic.com>

morphed into party drones—in this case, humble crusaders for Bush.

In the mid-'60s, long before the Christian Coalition and Ralph Reed, the Bob Jones people demanded a seat at the table. Slowly, they transformed the local Republican Party, sneaking some of their dearest issues, such as abortion, into the party platform. But, after 30 years of political dealing, the party transformed them, erasing their naïve streak. Now they've compartmentalized. Their theology discourages them from joining activist groups with an ideology that could conflict with their strict religion. But they've declared the Republican Party neutral ground, a suitable forum for worldly pursuits.

At the end of my trip I set out for Chester to see whom the redneck neighbors would vote for. Before reaching Chester I came across one, an underfed cowboy leaning against his trailer. His name was Charlie Craw, he said, and he lived there because he managed the local motel, fixed things, kept the place clean. He asked why I'd stopped, and I said I had noticed the trailer. "It's not a trailer, it's a mobile home," he said, and I didn't bother to ask the question. ■

Campaign Journal

Defining Down

By MICHELLE COTTLE

"FRUIT! FRUIT! DOES anyone have any fruit?" The CNN producer collapsed in a giggling fit, looking around for an orange or apple to fling down the airplane aisle during takeoff. It was close to midnight, some five hours after the polls had closed in South Carolina, and bedlam reigned on the Bush campaign plane as the governor, his staff, and the traveling media left for Michigan. Fresh out of produce, a Fox correspondent dug a Frisbee out of his carry-on bag and sent it whizzing toward the back of the aircraft. "We are *still* climbing," a flight attendant screeched over the PA system as people kept popping up to rummage through the overhead bins, some of them chanting the harried flight attendant's name ("Li-SA! Li-SA!"), others woofing like dogs.

The moment the captain turned off the FASTEN SEAT BELTS sign, George W. Bush emerged from first class to join the fun. All the hootin' and hollerin' had doubtless made him nostalgic for his frat days at the Deke house. Methodically, the governor made his way down the aisle, chatting up reporters, winking, slapping backs, cracking jokes. At the height of the chaos, a flight attendant, struggling to make her way toward the galley, dumped three trays of beef stroganoff on CNN political doyenne Candy Crowley. But the party raged on: life was good and W. was glowing. South Carolina, as it turned out, really was Bush country. At the end of a long and dirty battle, the governor had emerged from the primary with 53 percent of the vote—thrashing John McCain by eleven points.

Three days later, the hangover hit. Michigan voters, who Team Bush had thought would back their man, instead went for McCain. As in New Hampshire, many of the senator's votes came from independents and Democrats, leaving Bush to console himself by noting that he was still winning the party's base—a base that couldn't deliver a general-election victory to either Bush père in 1992 or Bob Dole in 1996.

The loss must have come as a sharp and confusing blow to the governor. Bush had felt that his top challenge in the wake of New Hampshire was to define himself for voters. The Granite State disaster, W. asserted, had occurred because he had "allowed [himself] to be defined." Being defined, it seems, is one of the governor's great horrors. In the foreword to his schmaltzy autobiography, *A Charge to Keep*, W. says that he grudgingly agreed to write a book about his life (or, more accurately, to have his communications director, Karen Hughes, do so) only after discovering that other books were already under way. "I learned a political lesson during my first campaign for Congress more than twenty years ago," he explains, "and that was to never allow others to define me." So, in the run-up to South Carolina, the governor labored to show voters what the definition of W. is. By primary day he had done a remarkably thorough job. In fact, as his defeat in Michigan suggests, he may have been a little too thorough.

MUCH OF BUSH'S defining work in South Carolina involved trying to drive home the message that he, not McCain, is the real reformer in this race. Overnight, a new campaign slogan—"A Reformer with Results" (and occasionally the even more alliterative "A Reformer with a Record of Results")—was plastered across Bush's banners and buses, printed along the top of every press release, and repeated ad nauseam in speeches and commercials. McCain accused Bush of being a Georgie-come-lately to the cause. "If he's a reformer, I'm an astronaut," the senator huffed. But, come primary day in South Carolina, George the Reformer prevailed: in exit polls, some 60 percent of primary voters said they viewed the Texas governor as a champion of reform.

W. got so caught up in the definitions game that he started defining his rival as well: McCain was Clintonian on tax cuts and hypocritical on campaign finance reform. Most importantly, Bush defined McCain as a danger to the GOP. For starters, charged the governor, the senator's plans for campaign finance amounted to "unilateral disarmament" for Republicans, since his reforms wouldn't keep unions from spending their members' dues. But the even bigger problem, fretted W., was the insidious way McCain's candidacy was being manipulated by Democrats. South Carolina, like many early-primary states, allows Dems and independents to vote in its GOP primary. Determined to prevent a repeat of New Hampshire, Bush pointed to McCain's support from these voters as proof that the senator was not a real conservative.

But that begged the question—which McCain was quick to ask—of why having a broad appeal was such a bad thing. Hadn't Bush originally made the same case about himself, repeatedly boasting about all those Lone Star Democrats who had endorsed him for reelection in 1998? It was then

that Team Bush hit (or stumbled) upon an ingenious line of attack: The Democrats and independents backing McCain weren't doing it because they actually wanted him to be president. They merely wanted to *nominate* the senator, since he'd be an easier match for Gore in the fall.

The logic behind this theory wasn't exactly airtight. First, most polls show that McCain would do better against Gore than Bush. Second, even if the polls showed the reverse, are we really supposed to believe that the legendarily apathetic voting public would rouse itself to turn out the vote in an opposing party's primary for a candidate it doesn't care about? Who does W. think these people are—Dick Morris? And, if they were, wouldn't they flood the ballot booths for Alan Keyes instead?

Logic, schmogic. On primary day, Palmetto State Republicans were enraged by the stealth Democratic invasion. Although conventional wisdom held that a high turnout would benefit McCain—as the extra voters would likely be independents and Democrats—most of the record 570,000 South Carolinians who went to the polls were Republicans, galvanized by Bush's call for tribal loyalty. Around noon, I stopped by a polling station in Spartanburg, where W. was doing a “meet and greet” with voters. Voting had been heavy all morning, reported county GOP chairman Rick Beltram.

At that point, Beltram had no hard numbers on how people were voting, but just looking at the folks waiting in line, he said, you could tell they weren't Democrats there to muck up the process. “These are people that would generally be Republican-type voters,” he assured me. Scanning the room, it was hard to tell how he knew that, other than the fact that everyone there was white: there were old rednecks in work clothes, preppy young women in turtlenecks, and plenty of big hair and potbellies. Asked to elaborate, Beltram said the voters were clearly all family-oriented, middle-class types who probably owned their own homes and worried about issues like taxation. “Traditionally,” he explained, “Republicans have not done well attracting non-taxpayers.” In Spartanburg County, it seems, “Democrat” means unwed black welfare mother.

THERE IS A line that W. likes to use in his standard stump speech. “I think,” he drawls with a proud smirk, “that you can judge a man by the company he keeps.” Bush uses the line as a cute way to introduce his wife, Laura, to audiences. But, ironically, this sentiment may well explain the drubbing he got in Michigan. W. defined himself in South Carolina, all right. There was the fringe veteran who appeared alongside him to trash McCain for abandoning veterans. There was the local politico (and Bush fan) who called the NAACP the National Association of Retarded People. And, of course, there was Bob Jones University—the school that forbids interracial dating, considers Catholic-bashing an intramural sport, and has vowed to arrest homosexual alumni who show their faces on campus for trespassing—where Bush spoke on his first day of serious stumping in the state.

Then there was the conservative Christian community that helped W. get out the vote. On primary night, as the finishing touches were being put on the governor's celebratory bash at

the Columbia Sheraton, Ralph Reed, the former Christian Coalition guru turned Bush strategist, strutted back and forth through the hotel lobby, chattering excitedly into his cell phone, his cherubic face flushed with victory. Exit polls showed that, if it hadn't been for religious conservatives, McCain would have narrowly beaten Bush. Reed and his fellow Christian soldiers had saved Bush's bacon—and everyone knew it. Reed spent the evening surrounded by TV reporters clamoring for sound bites. Randy Tate, another former Christian Coalition executive director, gushed to me that Bush “has fire in his belly” about issues like abortion and tax relief and that, “in return, religious conservatives are willing to walk the precincts and work the phone banks” for the governor. On CNN, Christian Coalition President Pat Robertson popped up to sing the governor's praises.

BUT, WHILE THE support of religious conservatives proved invaluable in South Carolina, it prompted much speculation about how Bush's pander to the party's right wing would play in Michigan—and beyond. Sure enough, as soon as W. touched down in the Wolverine State, he went to work trying to un-define himself. When Representative Peter King of New York switched his endorsement from Bush to McCain, citing W.'s appearance at Bob Jones, the governor raged against King for “ascribing anything to my heart.” He sputtered on about how brother Jeb is married to a great lady who happens to be Mexican and how Jeb himself is a Catholic. He trotted out Michigan Governor John Engler, a Bush backer and a good Catholic, to reassure his coreligionists that W. doesn't harbor anti-Papist sentiments. When a reporter suggested that Bush had moved to the right in South Carolina, adviser Mark McKinnon eloquently responded, “Bullshit!”

Unfortunately for Bush, although he had hopped a plane to Michigan, his South Carolina pals weren't ready to say goodbye. Robertson, emboldened by the boost he had given Bush down South, decided to record, for use throughout Michigan, anti-McCain phone messages that accused the senator's campaign chairman of being hostile to Christians. Also, Bush seemed to bring out the most South Carolinian of Michiganders, which would have been fine, except that they tended to freak out almost everyone else in the state. On primary day, at a lunchtime rally on the outskirts of Detroit, the crowd was small and W. was running late, so the secretary of state, a nightmare of a woman who barked every sentence as if she were starting a football cheer, asked people to share “testimonials” about why they supported the governor. The first volunteer was a homemaker and mother of four named Ruth. “I'm a conservative Christian woman, and I love the Lord,” Ruth told the crowd with a shy smile. “I believe in the power of prayer, the sanctity of God, and the sanctity of life. George W. Bush is the candidate that best espouses these views. I've been on my knees in prayer, and I believe God wants me to vote for him.” Perhaps trying to reassure nonfundamentalist voters—of which Michigan has many—the secretary of state promptly began babbling about how thrilling it was that George W. had also received the endorsement of the state's farm bureau. The crowd didn't look particularly thrilled.

When W. finally arrived, he seemed considerably more sedate than he had in the past few days. His speech was shorter than usual, and there were even brief periods in which he spoke below the level of his usual scream. When he finished, the crowd seemed pleased but not particularly overwhelmed. "I don't know," said Brad Halter, a local who had brought his young son down to the rally. "It was OK. He brought up a lot of issues that I'm concerned about... and his dad was really good on foreign policy." But still, said Halter, his red eyebrows furrowing, "I'm not an especially religious person, and at the beginning there he sounded preacher-like."

It was a nail-biter of a race. The two o'clock exit polls had McCain slightly ahead. By three o'clock, people were saying it was a dead heat. By five, McCain was up again by a hair. About an hour later, the governor and his entourage were boarding their plane, headed for a quick rally in Kansas City and then on to Los Angeles. At around 8:30, as W. was somewhere over the Midwest, the networks called the race for McCain. Within seconds, the talking heads were all over television, clucking that Bush had moved too far to the right. He'd have to move back to the center, get back to "compassionate conservatism," and try to define himself in a way that wouldn't frighten moderates and swing voters. Here we go again. ■

Why the editors are wrong. The Case for Bush

By FRED BARNES

IT WASN'T UNTIL early afternoon on February 1, the day of the New Hampshire primary, that George W. Bush discovered that his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination had crashed. Just after lunch, Karl Rove, his chief political adviser, brought early exit-poll results to Bush's room in the Marriott Residence Inn in Merrimack. Bush, expecting a narrow loss, was floored: the poll showed him losing overwhelmingly to John McCain. Bush's response was immediate and drastic. He had let others—the media, McCain, even some of his allies—define him, Bush said. Now, if he were to have any chance of winning the nomination, he would have to redefine himself.

Bush understood his problem correctly. Voters didn't loathe him, but they didn't see him as presidential, either. Worse, he'd become the mirror image of McCain. Bush was the lightweight—a dope, really; McCain was the heavyweight. Bush was the political insider, the establishment's guy; McCain was the outsider and the reformer. Bush was the towel-snapping frat boy; McCain was the war hero. Bush was the negative, down-and-dirty candidate; McCain was the positive, high-road candidate. This image of Bush is

almost entirely inaccurate, and the contrast with McCain more or less stands the truth on its head.

Lightweight. Is Bush stupid? His SAT scores were mediocre, he partied his way through Yale, and he's given to occasional malapropisms (for instance, he says "vulcanize" when he means "balkanize"). He famously flunked that test of world leaders conducted by an impertinent Boston TV reporter. But McCain also failed a media test (he couldn't name the governor of Vermont), and he was anything but bookish at the U.S. Naval Academy, finishing near the bottom of his class. So there's not much difference between the two candidates on brains: both were wise guys who studied and read little but had the moxie to get serious later in life and achieve success.

But there are other tests for weightiness, such as the ability to attract top-notch advisers—and on these Bush fares much better than McCain. Bush has assembled the smartest, most experienced, and, paradoxically, most innovative policy advisers in the Republican Party. They didn't gravitate toward him only because he was the front-runner; they gravitated toward him because he engages their ideas. McCain, by contrast, has assembled a star-studded staff of political strategists that barely includes any heavyweight wonks. True, he doesn't need much help on foreign policy, his forte. But he needs help on everything else.

Two years ago, former Secretary of State George Schultz heard Bush speak at a Republican dinner in California. Afterward, Schultz invited Bush to come by his house on the Stanford University campus the next day and meet with a few scholars, mostly from the Hoover Institution. Bush did, for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. "We spent the whole time talking about policy, not politics—domestic matters, economic matters, foreign affairs, national security," Schultz says. "We all came away hoping he would run for president." Schultz later joined the Bush presidential exploratory committee.

What struck Schultz was not how much Bush knew. Bush, after all, was just finishing his first term as Texas governor, having spent most of his adult life either working in the oil business or running the Texas Rangers baseball team. "What came through to me," says Schultz, "is he's a very bright guy, a good-sense guy, who knew quite a bit and knew what he didn't know. We were particularly impressed by his ability to ask searching questions." Schultz says there are two kinds of intelligence, "what you have in your intellect and what you have in your gut. Bush has both these things, and that's what you look for in a president."

Larry Lindsey, a former Harvard University professor and Federal Reserve governor, had a similar experience before signing on as Bush's chief economic adviser. He had three long discussions with Bush at the governor's mansion in Austin in 1998. "I thought two things about him," Lindsey says. "First, he has the understanding of economics a Harvard MBA has. Second, he has a mind like a sponge. What he doesn't know, he quickly grasps. What he does know about—Medicaid and Medicare, tax policy, trade—he knows as much as anyone. I know a lot of senators and congressmen, and Bush is in the ninety-fifth percentile of politicians."

FRED BARNES is executive editor of *The Weekly Standard*.

20 : MARCH 6, 2000

Happy Valentine's Day . . . For Whom?

By Valentine's Day, America will have more than 2 million of its citizens behind bars.

- **America, with less than 5% of the world population, has a quarter of the world's prisoners.**
- **There are six times as many Americans behind bars as are imprisoned in the 12 countries that make up the entire European Union, even though those countries have 100 million more citizens than the US.**
- **Our jails and prisons have literally become the 51st state, with a greater combined population than Alaska, North Dakota and South Dakota.**
- **Two-thirds of the inmates in America's prisons and jails — over 1.2 million prisoners — are locked up for non-violent offenses. Since 1980, the number of non-violent prisoners has tripled and the number of drug prisoners has increased seven fold.**

Source: Justice Policy Institute, "The Punishing Decade: Prison and Jail Estimates at the Millennium," December 8, 1999.

Is the Drug War Turning the United States Into a Police State?

**For more information visit: <http://www.csdp.org>.
Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President
703-354-9050, 703-354-5695 (fax), info@csdp.org**

In one sense, Lindsey was an odd choice as economic adviser. He is a bear on the stock market, having bailed out when the Dow reached 8,000. Bush is a bull. Yet Lindsey was eager to join Bush—"I did due diligence," he says—and Bush was just as keen on having him. They worked out a tax-cut proposal after a week of consultations last spring. Both Lindsey and Bush wanted to lower the top rate on individual income to 30 percent from the current 39.6 percent, but revenue estimates forced them to settle for 33 percent.

That underscores another point: Bush is not an idle spectator in domestic policy-making. McCain may be. McCain boasts he would never take a poll to decide a foreign policy issue. But on domestic policy he has admitted that polls are helpful in finding out what people want. And there's a reason: As often as not, McCain is at sea talking about domestic issues. Last December, he unveiled a health care plan but had difficulty answering questions about it. The numbers on his fact sheet didn't add up. He sounded like a lightweight. Bush, on the other hand, hasn't produced a health care plan. But, when he talks about health care issues, he can out-wonk the best of them. A month ago, for instance, he argued on "Fox News Sunday" that "we ought to give states more flexibility to be able to fold the CHIPS program into other monies to be able to help supplement and complement the small-business insurance premiums." Try getting that from McCain.

But it's not just policy minutiae that Bush grasps; he's also at home with ideas. Although McCain has described his campaign as one of ideas, he has few, besides a campaign finance reform bill that's been rattling around Washington for several years and a small tax cut. Bush has developed the only big new idea of the campaign: compassionate conservatism. Yes, it is a political slogan. But it's also a serious step away from the anti-government dogma of Ronald Reagan and Newt Gingrich. Bush calls for an active but limited federal government, the use of community and religious groups to help the poor, and a revival of responsible citizenship. Rather than depopulate Washington, he would make it a place of conservative governance, even at the Department of Education.

Insider. Bush has spent only a year of his life in Washington. That was in 1988, when he kept an eye on Lee Atwater at his father's presidential campaign headquarters. And he's relatively new to government, having won elective office for the first time in 1994. For most of his adult life, he's been a

businessman in Dallas and Midland, Texas. He's not really an insider. But he's acquired that label because a majority of the Republicans in Congress and practically every GOP governor support him and because last year he raised \$2 million at a lobbyist-dominated fund-raiser in Washington.

McCain, on the other hand, is a creature of Washington. He was a lobbyist, in naval uniform, for the Pentagon for several years before moving to Arizona and winning a House seat in 1982. He's chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, and, far from rebelling against Washington mores, he's followed the dubious practice of pressing lobbyists who do business with his committee for campaign contributions. McCain has repeatedly intervened with federal agencies on behalf of his political supporters—the press mocks Bush for bringing this up, but it's true. Yet, with a straight face, McCain asks for your vote "if you want your government back, a government that's been stolen from you by the special interests in Washington."

McCain's weapon against the special interest groups, of course, is campaign finance reform. But only the truly naïve think such reform would drive special interests from Washington. It would merely relieve corporations, rich people, and issue groups (including liberal ones) of the obligation to give millions in soft money contributions to the political parties. This would delight the reluctant donors and might remove some money from political campaigns. But no lobbyists would be fired, certainly not the two, Vin Weber and Ken Duberstein, who advise McCain. Companies, trade organizations, and ideological groups would still exert influence inside the Beltway, because they represent industries and businesses and real people—that is, legitimate interests.

McCain has fumed about Bush's copycat claim to be a reformer, or, rather, "a reformer with results." But the truth is that Bush has a stronger claim to the label than McCain does. The reforms McCain has passed are mostly procedural: the ban on senators' accepting gifts, the line-item veto, Y2K liability, campaign finance. Bush's are substantive and thus far more important, affecting millions of people. As governor, Bush pushed through education reforms that raised black and Hispanic students' test scores. He enlisted faith-based organizations to work with convicts and the poor. He imposed HMO reforms by executive order after vetoing a managed care bill he didn't like.

The contrast with McCain is sharper still in the two candidates' campaign agendas—Bush's being fresher and less beholden to Washington's business-as-usual ways. Since

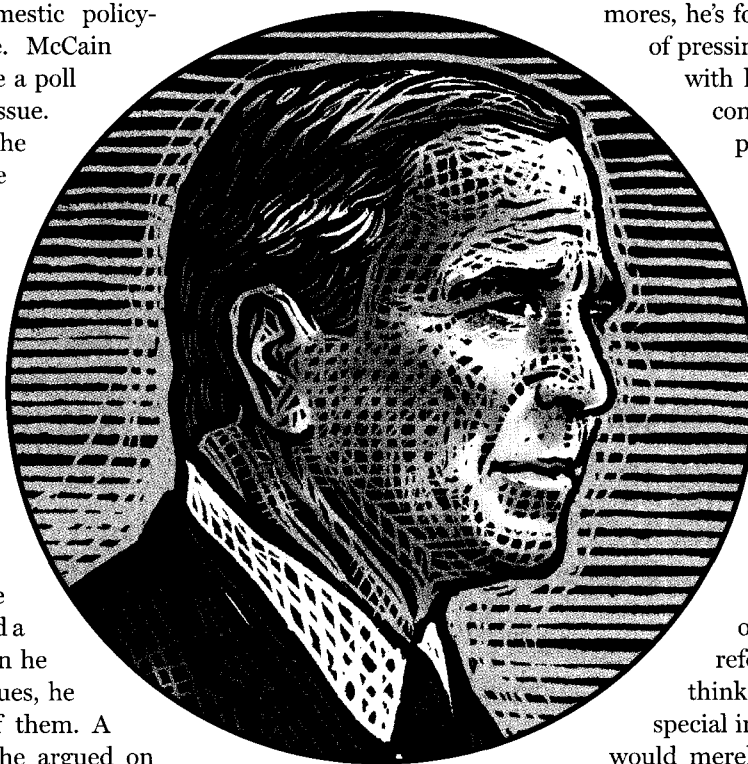


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RUSSELL

the 1980s, GOP education orthodoxy has been to shrink the Education Department and dump federal funds on the states. Bush has abandoned this approach. Instead, he advocates a reinvigorated federal role: the feds would force schools to either meet high standards or give their funds as vouchers for private school tuition. McCain has stuck with the old, failed approach. Moreover, he supports vouchers only in the highly unlikely event that corporate tax breaks are curtailed.

Bush would increase Pentagon R&D by \$20 billion. But, rather than continue the current practice of handing the money directly to the military branches, he would force them to compete for funding. The secretary of defense would make the final decisions. McCain offers no military reform and no spending hike unless what he calls pork is cut. It won't be. Bush would reform Medicare along the lines proposed by Democratic Senator John Breaux and GOP Representative Bill Thomas. McCain, though he's praised that plan and proposed a drug benefit, would mainly just throw money at Medicare. Bush would help civil society aid the poor and revitalize inner cities. McCain's liberal backers should ask him what he'd do about poverty. He doesn't know.

Frat boy. Friends of Bush understand how this got started. Bush is a smart aleck. He gives everyone a nickname. He says he doesn't read a lot. "He does exude this impatience with the William Sloane Coffin types that can be taken as anti-intellectual, but it's really anti-elitist," says a Bush associate. He overcompensates for his family heritage. He wants everyone to know he's not a snob or a twit.

In this sense, Bush is a uniter. He has the temperament and charm to bring people together. Perhaps it comes from his religious reawakening in the 1980s. Anyway, he's more serious and hardworking now. He was enormously successful as managing partner of the Texas Rangers, engineering the building of a new stadium and a surge in the team's monetary value. As governor of Texas, his skill in working with Democrats is extraordinary; many prominent Texas Democrats endorsed him for reelection.

McCain gets along with Democrats, too. His problem is Republicans. McCain's bitter tirade after losing in South Carolina was no surprise to Senate Republicans who've been on the receiving end of his outbursts. Their tales of McCain's self-righteousness and refusal to accept disagreements are not just spin.

In fact, McCain is every bit as playful as Bush. He loves to mock reporters as Communists and Trotskyites. He makes fun of his aides. Reporters love riding on the McCain bus. There's banter and camaraderie. It's a lot like, well, a frat house.

Low-road campaigner. Two myths about Bush emerged from the South Carolina primary: He veered far to the right, and he used dirty tactics. In fact, his only step to the right was speaking at Bob Jones University, which turned out to be a political mistake. Months from now, he'll still be explaining that he's not anti-Catholic and doesn't oppose interracial dating. Otherwise, he repeated standard conservative positions. The press insisted the ghost of Atwater hung over the Bush campaign, and in one way it did. Bush was on the attack on television and radio, in direct mail and phone banks, and in

his speeches. It was massive and negative, but it wasn't dirty. It reminded me of Al Gore's assault on Bill Bradley.

The only thing that distinguished Bush's campaign tactics from McCain's was the negative TV ads. McCain says he withdrew his 30-second spots calling Bush a Clintonian truth-twister after a woman said her son had gotten a hate call about McCain. Please. McCain yanked the ad because it was backfiring. He continued to zing Bush in speeches and interviews and in a debate moderated by Larry King. And his attacks on Bush got tougher and meaner after his South Carolina loss. Bush is no pussycat on the stump. Neither is McCain.

THERE ARE PLENTY of reasons to favor McCain over Bush. His courage as a POW in Vietnam brings tears to any patriot's eyes. He was, as GOP Senator Fred Thompson says, "de facto secretary of state" on Kosovo. Almost alone, he argues that America must be militarily ready to do more than just protect its economic interests around the world. But, important as it is, foreign policy is not the overriding issue in the campaign. Character and truthfulness are, and the trouble with McCain is that he's not what he claims to be. Bush is. And he ought to be judged based on who he really is, not based on false images or media caricatures. ■

Why the editors are wrong. The Case for Bradley

By ROBERT B. REICH

I WORKED CLOSELY with Al Gore in the first Clinton administration, and I admire him. Gore is earnest and smart. For the past seven and a half years he's taken on god-awful projects that no one else wanted to do—like "reinventing government"—and has done them well. He's been loyal to a fault. Contrary to his public persona, he has a droll sense of humor that occasionally tips into deadpan sarcasm. So why do I support Bill Bradley? And why do I continue to support him, even when his boat seems to be sinking? Maybe it's because I kept clean for Gene, passed out leaflets as a kid for Stevenson, and would have voted for Wilson in 1912. I'm a sucker for decent, smart, soft-spoken idealists with lofty visions about where the country should go and what we can do together. For good or ill, that description fits Bradley, not Gore.

Start with the issues. I'll spare you the wonky details about Bradley's plans for health care, education, campaign finance,

ROBERT B. REICH, secretary of labor in the first Clinton administration, is University Professor of Social and Economic Policy at Brandeis University and national editor of *The American Prospect*.

gun control, and child poverty. Nobody wants to hear about them, which is part of Bradley's problem. Yet his are by far the boldest and most ambitious proposals put forward by any candidate in this election.

Bradley's health care plan has taken a lot of knocks from Gore, but the criticisms are unfounded. Yes, the Bradley plan would end Medicaid as a separate program. But the ill-fated Clinton-Gore health plan of 1994 also folded Medicaid into a comprehensive system, which is exactly what poor people need if they want to get jobs with better wages and not worry about losing their coverage.

Unlike the convoluted plan of 1994, Bradley's proposal builds on the same system that federal employees already use, and it provides subsidies to people based on need. It covers almost everybody. By comparison, Gore's new health care plan leaves most uninsured people between the ages of 18 and 55 still uninsured.

Gore says that we can't afford Bradley's plan, that if we tried to fund it we wouldn't have enough money left over to fix Medicare. But, hell, if we could afford the universal health insurance that Clinton and Gore were peddling in 1994, when the federal deficit was still in the stratosphere, we can afford Bradley's proposal now that we're enjoying unprecedented budget surpluses. The nation is richer than it's ever been. If we can't get universal health care now, when can we? Besides, there's greater urgency today. When the Clinton-Gore plan was dreamed up, 39 million Americans lacked health insurance. Now the number is 44 million and rising.

The only way we couldn't afford the Bradley plan would be if we were to use a big chunk of the surplus to eliminate the federal debt, as Clinton and Gore both want to do. But getting rid of the national debt should not be a priority. As long as the debt doesn't rise as a proportion of national product (and by that measure it's been falling now for several years), the critical issue isn't how large it is in absolute dollars but what the borrowed money is used for. Borrowing to give Americans healthy bodies and our kids good schools is a sound investment that is no less important to the nation's future prosperity than a factory made slightly cheaper to build because interest rates were driven lower by debt repayment. Clinton talked this way in 1992. Bradley is talking this way now. Gore isn't.

Sure, there's a case to be made for paying down the debt temporarily so we can add debt again years from now when baby-boomer retirees begin to draw on Social Security and boomer bodies begin deteriorating en masse. But productivity is rising so fast that the nation will probably be able to take

care of doddering boomers without adding much debt. And besides, wealthy Americans are becoming so much wealthier that a tiny wealth tax would suffice to cover the boomers even if productivity gains didn't. (Lest he get blamed for this hare-brained Reich idea, Bradley has not suggested it.) The point is that we can now afford to get on with the great unfinished agenda. We don't have to settle for the Dick Morris policy miniatures that have been the leitmotiv of Clinton and Gore since 1996—ideas that sound grand but are wimpy relative to the scale of the problems they're supposed to address. Nothing bold will happen after January 2001 unless a Democratic candidate for president stirs public ambition during the campaign and creates a mandate for it to happen.

Gore said the other day that he'd continue to pay down the debt even when the economy slows, "just as a corporation has to cut expenses if revenues fall off." He added that a recession should be viewed as an opportunity to push cuts further "before any other options are considered." This is worse than Reaganomics.

It's Coolidgeomics. "He should wash his mouth out with soap,"

Nobel laureate economist Robert Solow told *The Wall Street Journal* when

he heard this statement. If Americans want to elect a president who believes the debt must be eliminated at all costs, let them elect a Republican. I promise you he'll be a one-termer. The economy will shrivel, and the Dems will be back in the White House for at least the next eight years.

IT'S NOT JUST health care and the budget. Gore is to the right of Bradley on almost every important issue. Bradley wants to hold military spending where it is and give a big boost to education. Gore wants to increase military spending by \$127 billion over the next decade—\$12 billion more than the increase he proposes for education. Bradley voted against the Republican welfare plan, which Clinton ultimately signed. Gore was for it. (Before you conclude that "welfare reform" was successful and Bradley's vote against it was a mistake, watch what happens in the next recession when there's no safety net for the unemployed poor.) Bradley has committed himself to labor-law reforms like large penalties for employers who fire workers for trying to form unions. Gore is vaguer about labor reform. And so on.

Now, you may believe the nation should move further to the right. Or you may be among those who believe Clinton has repositioned the Democratic Party in the center and thereby breathed new life into it. Both are respectable views



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RUSSELL

in Democratic circles. But they ignore the vast and growing party of nonvoters. Many of these people didn't get much out of the 1990s boom. The median family income, adjusted for inflation, is only slightly higher than it was ten years ago, even though the median family is working a total of six weeks longer every year. A Democrat can ignite these nonvoters' passions and interests only with a large vision of what we can do together as a nation, not with promises of teensy incremental improvements in health care, weensy reforms of schools, military buildups, and debt elimination.

Why does the AFL-CIO support Gore over Bradley? I suspect it's a matter of "the devil you know..." Most union presidents have been in and around the Clinton-Gore White House since January 1993. They haven't been delighted with what it's brought them, but they'd rather stick with a sure thing. And they've convinced themselves that, despite Gore's lukewarm support of unions in the past and the dominance of anti-union Democratic Leadership Council folk in Gore's inner circle, as president he'd be more sympathetic to their cause than Bradley. I'm not so sure. Last week Gore told the AFL-CIO executive council that, if they succeeded this year in derailing China's admission to the World Trade Organization, once he was elected president he'd scrap the current agreement and negotiate a much tougher one, including labor protections. But the very next day he reassured Washington business lobbies that he was fully behind the China trade deal the White House had negotiated. Union leaders are winking at one another, thinking they know where Gore really stands. Business leaders are winking at one another, too, thinking they know. Is this clever politics on Gore's part or the kind of slick double-talk that would quickly undermine confidence in a Gore administration?

Lurking beneath all the substantive issues is the poison of money in politics. Here, again, Bradley is a bolder reformer than Gore. Bradley is calling not only for an end to soft money but for public financing of election campaigns, including those for the House and Senate. He's even proposing a two-to-one match of private donations with public financing for presidential primaries. This goes way beyond anything Gore, or even John McCain, has proposed.

Bradley isn't a sudden convert to campaign finance reform—despite Gore's claim on "Meet the Press" a few weeks ago that Bradley "went seventeen years in the United States Senate before he ever sponsored a campaign finance reform bill." Quite the contrary: As a senator, Bradley joined in sponsoring campaign finance reform bills in each of six straight Congresses, from 1985 to 1996, including the main campaign finance reform bills considered and acted on by the Senate. In 1991 he was an original cosponsor of S.3, the only comprehensive campaign finance reform bill to pass Congress in the last quarter-century, which was vetoed by President George Bush. Then-Senator Gore did not cosponsor this bill.

Indeed, Gore hasn't exactly distinguished himself on the subject of campaign finance. Buddhist temples and "no controlling legal authority" aside, he has some explaining to do about his role in a more serious breach of the spirit, if not the letter, of the campaign finance laws. Starting way before the 1996 general election, Clinton and, presumably, his vice president oversaw the creation of "issue ads" that beat up on

Bob Dole and the Republicans. The ads were developed and run by the same political consultants who designed the official Clinton-Gore campaign ads. But, rather than being paid for by the Clinton-Gore campaign, which had agreed to abide by spending limits, the ads were funded with unregulated money from the Democratic National Committee, which raked in about \$1.5 million a week to air them wherever they'd have the most impact.

Dole and the Republican National Committee didn't know what hit them. By the time they woke up, it was too late. The Clinton-Gore loophole not only helped the administration win the 1996 election but thereafter established "soft money" as a slush fund for negative political advertising. The Republicans are now fully intent on exploiting the loophole this time around, to the tune of at least \$200 million if George W. Bush emerges as the likely nominee. That's roughly twice what the Democratic National Committee can possibly pull in. The only protection the Dems now have against the weapon Clinton and Gore created in 1996 goes by the name of McCain, who has sworn off soft money.

SOME PEOPLE SAY none of this really matters. This campaign is about character, and the "new," feisty Gore is simply more appealing than the rather impassive Bradley. Six months ago Gore was pedantic and wooden, and his campaign was top-heavy with K Street lobbyists and corporate public relations flacks. But, as the story goes, Gore had the courage to change. He fired the flacks, moved his headquarters from Washington to Nashville, and transformed himself into a hyperkinetic dynamo. By contrast, although Bradley was hot several months ago, his stolidity got boring. He didn't fight back hard enough against Gore's attacks, he lost the expectations game in Iowa and New Hampshire, and now the mantle of maverick reformer has shifted to McCain. And Bradley still won't, or can't, remake himself into a winner.

So, by the new tautological logic of presidential "character," Bradley doesn't have what it takes. He's toast unless a miracle happens: Gore slips on some bit of dung left over from the 1996 election, McCain fizzles and independents suddenly rediscover Bradley, or Bradley himself emerges from a telephone booth as a new, supercharged Bill—so fierce and fiery, so snappy and witty, so quick with mud slings, barbs, zingers, ripostes, and repartees that he obliterates Gore in upcoming debates, dazzles the press, and gets his face on the front of every newsweekly in the country. In this post-Clintonian world, success is character, character is success, and makeovers create comeback kids—if they have enough will to come back in any form that succeeds.

The ability to make oneself over into a winning personality isn't the true test of character, however, and it shouldn't be the criterion we use in deciding on the next president of the United States. Character has to do with consistency, truth-telling, fidelity to principle, and courage. These will be the qualities Americans seek next Election Day. McCain's appeal is based on them, and, were he to emerge as the Republican standard-bearer, the Democrats would be hard-pressed. Which of the two Democratic candidates best measures up? To my mind, Bill Bradley. ■

THE NEW REPUBLIC

B O O K S & T H E A R T S

Stanley Kauffmann on Films Carrying On

ASPECTER IS haunting some young American filmmakers—swift depletion. Think of the careers that began attractively within the last couple of decades—Steven Soderbergh, John Singleton, Tom DiCillo, among others—and note glumly where they are today. Or aren't. Aground, or laboring in films at a consciously lower level than their debuts. Certainly no outsider knows about the aborted projects or the sheer bad luck that can clutter directing careers; but all that we have to judge by is what appears on the screen.

In the more distant past, when costs were lower, interest in so-called independent film was lower, too. In the last two decades, a number of independent filmmakers—of features meant for general release—have won exceptional chances to work. And they have been recognized. But the subsequent films of many of these lauded independents have been strained or fabricated; and so it seems fair to infer that the dwindling of inner resources, not external conditions, has been a principal trouble.

One great difficulty for these independent people is their huge difference from the accomplished directors of the past: these newer people are, or want to be, total creators. Hundreds of American directing careers flourished for decades because the men in question did not have to originate material, they had only to choose from what was offered them. (Often they did not even have much freedom of choice: they had to take what was given them and do it as well as possible.) When a director had choices, they became part of the profile of his talent, and, in any case, usually he refined his material. But directors generally had little more part in originating their scripts than most theater directors have in writing the plays that they do.

Of course, in film at its height, especially abroad, it has been otherwise. The director has been in great measure—often solely—the screenwriter as well. This is the fullness that these later American directors have wanted, and that's how their careers opened. Then the fizzlings began. The notorious "second novel" bug-

aboo of literature has also afflicted the second and third and further films of many younger Americans. It's as if, like some first novelists, each director had one good work in him waiting to be born; and its quality made others expect more from him. But the cupboard was bare. So, under pressure from himself and others, he began to fabricate, or tried to, at the level of his first film. Apparently, however, not enough had happened to the director—happened inside him or around him—to provide him with material. Observation, ingestion, imagination, empathy, synthesis were all lacking. But he pretended they were present and cooked things up. Take Soderbergh. His first picture, *sex, lies and videotape* (1989), was authentic, coolly invasive, disturbing, unique; and then came *Kafka* (1991), which was only a carpentered arty contraption. In subsequent films he has become more skilled and less interesting.

There is no sadder example of this detumescence than Jim Jarmusch. *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984) and *Down by Law* (1986) were almost shocking in their wryly bold disregard of film convention, in their calm purpose and savor. Then came *Mystery Train* (1989), which had enough clever touches of noir, along with other parodies, to keep us hoping. But it was followed by *Night on Earth* (1992), a mere stunt consisting of sequences in taxis in five cities around the globe, a transparent make-work project by a man with nothing really on his mind; and then came *Dead Man* (1995), a sort of Western that outdid the Coen brothers in mannerism and sententious vacuity; and then *Year of the Horse* (1997), a documentary about a musical group. (Jarmusch is also a musician.)

Now, with all the weight and melancholy of a tombstone, here is **Ghost Dog** (Artisan), engraved with pathetic desperation. It's as if Jarmusch were scrabbling for ideas and finally dug up one about which he could pretend deep commitment. The protagonist is a black contract killer in an unnamed American city, whose figurative bible is a book about samurai tradition and who has adopted the samurai name Ghost Dog. He lives

alone in a rooftop shack and keeps carrier pigeons, which are his only means of communication with the Mafia types who hire him for rub-outs. His only friend is an ice-cream vendor in a park, a French-speaking Caribbean black man. Eventually a wistful little black girl also gets to know him a bit.

Ghost Dog keeps quoting from his samurai handbook on the sound track, though the relevance of the quotation is not always clear. His impassivity about his killings is meant to make him some kind of quasi-spiritual pilgrim progressing through obedience to his retainer—the Mafia—to a death that will be his ultimate honor.

Even this compressed description will remind those who know Jean-Pierre Melville's *Le Samourai* of that quietly chilling film—about a contract killer in Paris who has the composure of a robot and a committed inhumanity. Immediately there's a basic inferiority in Jarmusch's film: Forest Whitaker, who plays Ghost Dog, has none of the icy power of Alain Delon, the Parisian killer. More: *Le Samourai* is free of the literal samurai decor meant to deepen Jarmusch's film. Melville's picture is forged in steel; Jarmusch's has the texture of the vendor's ice-cream cones—with Zen sprinkles. (There is another seeming derivative: a scene, in which a man is building a boat on his rooftop. It's a reminder of Buster Keaton's *The Boat*, here given a Zen patina.)

For those who do not know the Melville (or Keaton) and cannot compare Whitaker with Delon, *Ghost Dog* may simply baffle. Why, for instance, do all the characters who are about to be shot—and there are many—accept their fates without a sign of fear? (Especially when most of these people look like outtakes from *The Sopranos*.) Why, when there are lengthy shootouts in the streets, is there no one around, and why does no one ever come to a window to see what's going on? Is this all samurai abstraction? Even if it is, it only emphasizes the basic puzzle: the purpose of the picture. Are we to think that it is about a killer who needs to aggrandize his job with samurai trappings in order to pacify his soul? Delon's killer needs to justify nothing, needs no winsome little girl or friendly ice-cream vendor to prove that, underneath it all, he is a mensch. He is, almost in a doomed way, simply what he is, one kind of professional in a world of differing professions. Underneath his almost sculptural frigidity, he is of course a sociopath. But there is no "underneath" with Ghost Dog: he is merely a sociopath.

Jarmusch has filled in some more time in his career, but he hasn't advanced it.

One of the New York Film Festivals in the 1970s included a French documentary about a porn star, a woman whose specialty was fellation. It is the custom at these festivals for the star of a film to be seated in a box and at the end to take a bow. At the end of this film, the star fellator rose graciously in her box and bowed while the huge audience applauded.

Now, though not at a festival, there is a successor film. **Sex: The Annabel Chong Story** (Strand) is about a young woman from Singapore named Grace Quek who, when a freshman at USC in the early '90s, assumed the name Annabel Chong and entered porno films. This documentary, directed by Gough Lewis, includes scenes from Quek's offscreen life, including her anthropology class at USC, interviews with her adoring mother and with the star herself. (She also makes personal appear-

ances at some showings of the film.) The key sequence is a marathon in which Annabel has sex, on camera, with 251 men in ten hours, though we do not actually see much of the copulation. In an interview she offers a rationale: what's the difference between having 251 men in ten hours and having ten hours of sex with one man? (Which, she says, she has also done.)

Anyone who cannot answer that question, or cannot demolish any of her other rationales about porn, may be impressed by the air of liberation that *Sex* brandishes. It certainly impressed Quek. She took a degree at USC, is doing graduate work (in anthropology, I guess), and is now directing porn.

I was more interested in the men in that marathon than in Annabel. We see some of them, standing around naked, waiting their turn, cheerily watching the current occupant. What sort or sorts of men would do that? There's an anthropological study for Grace Quek. ■

Cosmosity

By ROBERT ALTER

City of God
by E. L. Doctorow

(Random House, 320 pp., \$25)

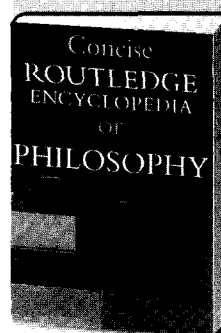
E. L. DOCTOROW IS a novelist of a certain competence whose reputation has generally exceeded his competence. He has been showered with awards and marks of distinction, and reviewers regularly celebrate him as "astonishing," "masterful," "one of our leading men of letters," and more of the same. At his best, Doctorow has a genuine gift for telling a gripping story, and for the vivid evocation of urban settings, especially of New York in the late nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries. This double facility, coupled with a sharply critical view of American society, has created the impression in many quarters that his novels offer a penetrating vision of American history.

In fact, his overview of history—as dis-

ROBERT ALTER's new book, *Canon and Creativity*, will be published by Yale in the fall.

tinct from the representation of what it might feel like to be immersed in a particular historical moment—is one of the weak points of Doctorow's fiction. Doctrinaire leftism often tilts the historical materials into creaking contrivance, though the tendentiousness is by no means equally insistent in all the novels. Perhaps the most unfortunate of his novels in this regard are *The Book of Daniel*, which seeks to dispose of the prosecution of the Rosenbergs as a mere witch-hunt, while seeing in American culture the consumer-oriented face of fascism; and *Ragtime*, which depicts an America at the turn of the twentieth century that appears to be almost entirely dominated by corrupt capitalists and lynch-lusting racists. Even in *The Water Works*, in which he produces a compelling mystery, vaguely in the manner of Wilkie Collins, set in post-Civil War New York, Doctorow cannot resist turning the plot of his thriller into political allegory: a secret group of rich old men,

A New Generation of Philosophy Reference



- More than 2,000 entries
- Contributions from more than 1,200 of the world's leading thinkers
- Extensive cross-referencing
- Fully indexed

The award-winning *Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy* set a new standard in the field upon its publication. Now, the extraordinary scholarship of this acclaimed 10-volume work is available in one affordable book. The *Concise Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy* brings together the more than 2,000 entries from the original work in a shortened, more accessible format.

Call 1-800-634-7064
FAX 1-800-248-4724
Visit our website at
www.routledge-ny.com

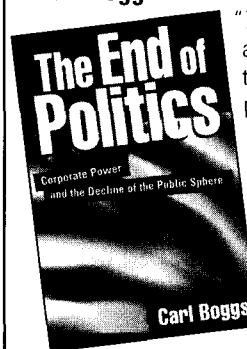


NEW FROM GUILFORD

The End of Politics

Corporate Power and the Decline of the Public Sphere

Carl Boggs



"The *End of Politics* is a vital contribution to a devitalizing phenomenon—the dwindling of political will and practice in the era of corporate rule."
—Russell Jacoby

"A thoughtful, courageous, and important book."
—Barbara Epstein

310 Pages,
February 2000, Hardcover,
ISBN 1-57230-496-0,
Cat. #2S0496, \$23.95

Available at better bookstores.

The Guilford Press

Dept. 2S, 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012
CALL TOLL-FREE 800-365-7006

FAX: 212-966-6708 • E-MAIL: info@guilford.com
WEBSITE: www.guilford.com

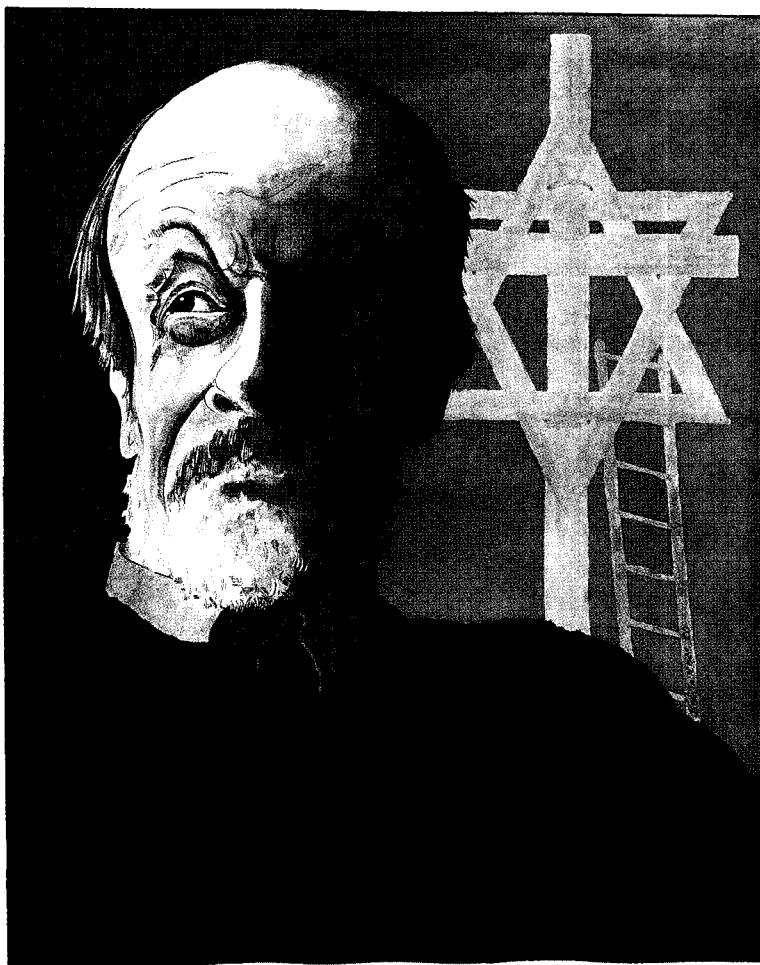
dreaming of endless life, beggar their own families in order to pay a mad medical genius to infuse them with the vital fluids extracted from kidnapped orphans—a portrayal in gothic fiction of the vampiric nature of predatory capitalism.

Doctorow is very deft in the management of plot and circumstantial details, but he is singularly thin on character; and this is his other limitation as a writer. His protagonists are mainly blank vehicles for induction into the corruption of society (Billy Bathgate in the novel of that title, Joe in *Loon Lake*) rather than subtly discriminated individuals. And this meagerness of individuation may be related to an odd lack of style in Doctorow. It is not in the least that he writes badly. Quite the contrary. His prose is usually vigorous, effective, and in most respects a perfectly suitable instrument for the physical and social exigencies of his fiction. The problem is that it is never much more than a kind of standard late-modern American literary diction.

Doctorow's writing certainly never becomes a signature style, as Updike, Roth, Bellow have cultivated styles that are distinctive expressions of their sense of life. Within the frame of each novel, this means that every Doctorow narrator sounds pretty much like every other Doctorow narrator. This stylelessness, this failure of literary differentiation, becomes especially problematic in Doctorow's new novel. *City of God* is in several respects his most ambitious book, and it is precisely its overweening ambition that leads it into a long series of embarrassments.

The city of Doctorow's title is New York, but it also the transcendent city of Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*. Although there are a few brief passages in which Doctorow is still trying to write the proletarian novel that no one succeeded in writing in the 1930s, his main interest has shifted from politics to theology. A cross has been stolen from an Episcopal church in the East Village and mystifyingly placed on the roof of a small progressive synagogue on the Upper West Side, and this leads to a complicated ecumenical plot. The heterodox

Episcopalian priest is drawn to the young rabbi and his wife, whom he meets when the missing cross is discovered. Then he becomes romantically attracted to the wife after her husband is conveniently murdered on a trip to Eastern Europe in search of testimony to the Nazi genocide. The woman's magnetism proves to be theological (she, too, is a rabbi) as well as sexual, and the Episcopalian finds himself on a trajectory of return to Jewish origins, but without yielding in his consciousness that it is as a Christian that he is returning to the ultimate source of monotheism.



E. L. Doctorow by Vint Lawrence for The New Republic

Meanwhile, since antiquated beliefs will scarcely serve the existential purposes of these spiritual searchers, the Judaizing priest and his rabbinical interlocutors recast the God of revelation and history as the ennobling image of humankind's highest aspirations. (The naturalist theology of Mordecai M. Kaplan, the founder of Reconstructionism, hovers in the background.) Thus the prayer that Pem the priest pronounces at the end of the book after emerging from beneath the marriage canopy:

If we are to remake ourselves, we must remake You, Lord. We need a place to

stand. We are weak, and puny, and totter here in our civilization. . . . We have only our love for each other for our footing, our marriages, the children we hold in our arms, it is only this wavy sensation, flowing and ebbing, that justifies our consciousness and keeps us from plunging out of the universe. Not enough. It's not enough. We need a place to stand.

This is intended as a culminating, heartfelt, creedal statement by the main character. One may assume that it is perfectly earnest on the part of the writer.

But as theology it is vague (what could it mean that we risk "plunging out of the universe"?), vapid, and mawkish. It is not the work of a writer truly in command of his materials.

The sense of overreach in *City of God* is by no means limited to its forays into theology. Formally, the novel is a kind of collage of different narratives, only some of them related to the main plot. There are ten or more different narrators, all sounding like each other, though they have different aims and preoccupations. One of the most prominent of these is Everett the novelist, a fictional stand-in for Doctorow, who exhibits roughly the same biographical data as Edgar, the protagonist of Doctorow's autobiographical novel *World's Fair*. In the course of interacting socially with Pem the priest and Sarah the rabbi, Everett provides the reader with narratives of his father's experience

in World War I and of his older brother's experience in World War II, the evident connection with the novel as a whole being the horrors of twentieth-century history. In the same loose connection, another subsidiary narrative follows the story of an unemployed journalist who dedicates himself, ineptly but aided by spectacular coincidence, to exacting private vengeance from war criminals who have taken refuge in the United States. And more difficult to connect with anything else is the bizarre story (the narrator himself calls it "a simple waxworks melodrama") of a man involved in an adulterous affair who assumes total domination

of his mistress, and then takes on the physical appearance and the public identity of her rich husband, reducing him to penury. Another lurid instance of man's inhumanity to man, perhaps.

THROUGH ALL THESE narrative strands, Doctorow labors to weave a large philosophical tapestry that will bring together Judaism and Christianity, two world wars, the death camps, the emotional upheavals of private life, and the ephemeral existence of a terraqueous globe supporting conscious life, under the aspect of eternity. To this end, he begins his novel with a two-page meditation on space, time, and the Big Bang, moving rapidly from physics to theology. Here he makes the tactical error of including among his narrators both Einstein and Wittgenstein.

The only rationale that I can detect for the incorporation of these unconvincing passages in the book is a desire to confirm the bigness of its big picture through the presence of the respective icons for the modern understanding of the physical universe and for modern critical philosophy. Doctorow gives us a Wittgenstein who is resentfully jealous of Einstein's reputation, and unabashedly proclaims his own genius as "redemptive," and voices the sort of criticism of European colonialism that one can hear any afternoon in any American department of literary studies. As for Einstein and the related passages on the nature of the universe in which someone else may be speaking, the chief function is to add to the novel what Doctorow regrettably calls "cosmosity." Much of this is an occasion for the deployment of overwrought rhetoric, like this conflation of physics with evolutionary history:

we stand abroad our terrains totally magnetized by the iron core at our center, with our skies at night tumbling with asteroids and flashing with inflamed boreal particles of solar winds that flare like the luminous eyes of saber-toothed tigers circling the darkness beyond our fire.

This aspiration to connect everything with everything else leads to a certain moral or intellectual promiscuity, as when the indifference of the endless astral expanses is linked with the pitilessness of the perpetrators of genocide: "I would like to find an astronomer to talk to. I think how people numbed themselves to survive the camps. So do astronomers deaden themselves to the starry universe?" As these fatuous lines suggest, Doctorow, who in his previous work had evinced little concern for anything beyond the American horizon, is driven here to inte-

grate the Final Solution into his vision of the human condition at the end of the twentieth century. The longest of his subsidiary narratives is set in the Kovno ghetto—oddly and pretentiously identified as located in "Mitteleuropa"—under the Nazi occupation. The protagonist of this narrative is the father of Sarah the rabbi, who as a boy was a courier for the resistance in the Kovno ghetto. He tells his story to her, which in turn is imaginatively reconstructed by Everett the novelist.

In consonance with the capacities and the limitations of Doctorow's energetic but conventional prose, this story turns out to be a good yarn rather than a deep narrative exploration into the ghastly reality of genocide. Some appropriate horrors are introduced, but the feel of the story is that of a tale of adventure. This, again, Doctorow does rather well—historical romance is the most that he can skillfully bring off—though a few of the ghetto figures (the sage old rabbi, the head of the Judenrat) seem not quite authentic. Thus, the white-bearded rabbi, during a meeting of the ghetto leadership, is described holding "a siddur closed on his lap, but with his finger keeping the place." Although the narrator concedes that the rabbi knows the siddur, or prayerbook, by heart, anyone who knows anything about Orthodox Jews would realize that

it would be a Mishnah, or perhaps a volume of Maimonides, but surely not a siddur, in which a pious and learned rabbi would be keeping place with his finger. It is a small thing, but it is typical of Doctorow's perfunctoriness.

THE PRESENCE OF Wittgenstein through all this is meant to serve as a reminder of the problematic nexus between language and reality in any attempt that we may undertake to reflect on our circumstances; but the very notion of Wittgensteinian rigor is undermined by Doctorow's repeated tendency to turn all subjects—physics, theology, modern history, the biblical past—into occasions for the exercise of a kind of incantatory rhetoric that is often loose and imprecise. Here, for example, is Pem the priest reflecting on the ancient Hebrews' wandering in the wilderness:

All of them, bag and baggage, the Habirus wandering around for forty years, the hot Saharan sand in their mouths, the sun of the Negev, the red rock, with the sandstone cliffs scoured into disks and altar stones, pinnacles and fluted columns, and the pathetic little water holes oased from the rocks. . . .

This is the sort of writing that may sound



**THE
SHALEM
CENTER**

**SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS
AT THE SHALEM CENTER
IN JERUSALEM**

The Shalem Center supports the research and writing of original books on:
Zionist and Jewish history, Jewish social thought and religion,
Jewish and Israeli literature and culture, legal and constitutional issues,
political philosophy, educational policy,
economics, and foreign affairs.

In 2000, the Center will award a number of Senior Fellowships to highly qualified individuals from Israel and abroad. Senior Fellows join the scholarly community at the Center's Jerusalem facility.

Applications must be postmarked by May 1, 2000. For information contact:

The Shalem Center, 1140 Connecticut Avenue NW, Suite 801, Washington DC 20036

Tel: (202) 887-1270 Fax: (202) 887-1277 E-mail: research@shalem.org.il

www.shalem.org.il

evocative until you begin to think about the details. Why import the sands of the Sahara (a very different kind of desert from the rocky moonscape of the Sinai) into West Asia? Why call the Hebrews "Habirus" (in any case, it should be "Hapirus"), when scholarship long ago cast doubt on the identification with the Israelites of that nation of invaders recorded in Egyptian inscriptions? Why introduce the sun of the Negev, a southern region within ancient Canaan and not part of the Israelite wanderings in the wilderness? And does the concocted verb "oased"—elsewhere one finds "concussed," "concaved," and "trajected"—serve any purpose other than to signify that this is fancy prose?

AT ONE POINT Pem the priest says to Everett the novelist over a drink, "You write well enough ... but no writer can reproduce the actual texture of living life." To which the novelist rejoins, "Not even Joyce?" His interlocutor then says: "I should look into him again." It denotes a lapse in Doctorow's instinct for self-preservation that he would even mention Joyce. The virtuoso evocation of the texture of lived experience in *Ulysses* is not only the result of Joyce's masterly deployment of the technique of stream of consciousness, it is also a product of the richly variegated collage composition of his novel, something that Doctorow evidently tries to emulate in this book. But the gulf between them is vast.

Joyce exhibits a style that is splendidly his own (especially in the passages of free indirect discourse used for Stephen at the beginning of the book), and also distinctive styles for everybody's consciousness (Stephen, Bloom, Molly, Gerty MacDowell), together with a really astonishing variety of parodic and vernacular styles, from mock-epic to Dublin barfly. The composite effect is a sense that the novelist has encompassed the multi-faceted verbal textures of many people's lived lives together with a dense realization of the material world that they inhabit. Doctorow can achieve nothing comparable in his variously distributed and sometimes slackly executed monostyle. Where Joyce fashions for his novel original prose poetry of surpassing beauty—most memorably in the catechistic language of his Ithaca episode and in Molly's soliloquy that immediately follows it—Doctorow, seeking to introduce a poetic counterpoint to his prose narrative, gives us unmitigated doggerel.

City of God is punctuated by passages laid out as verse under the boldface rubric "The Midrash Jazz Quartet Plays the Standards." Each of these sections

begins with a couple of lines from the lyrics of a popular song, and the poem that follows is conceived as a "midrashic" variation on or extrapolation from those lyrics. The thematic focus of all these texts tends to be a little blurry, while the theological frame of reference is duly invoked. Here is a characteristic instance:

Must I be blue always?
Sun is rain, near is far, high is low,
Day is night
Nothing is right, nothing is right
Who is this sweet-talking God,
what's he up to?
He knows sleep won't banish sorrow
But works it over, again and again,
In the drowsing brain
Finding pictures for the pain.

Such moments, far too prevalent in the prose as well as in the poetry of the novel, are the symptom of a writer who has lost control, direction, and plain good taste. Doctorow seems to have aimed to make this book a key to all mythologies, and theologies, and histories, and sciences. It is an undertaking that tests the limits of his abilities as a writer and finds them sadly wanting. After all this strained and unpersuasive effort to pull together God after Auschwitz, the theory of relativity, the philosophy of language, and the Judeo-Christian tradition, Doctorow's reader might reasonably feel a pang of nostalgia for the simpler pleasures that he once afforded in reporting how Dutch Schultz's gang fitted out a victim with concrete boots for a plunge into New York harbor. ■

The Pages of Eros

By CHRISTINE STANSELL

Love Across Color Lines:
Otilie Assing and Frederick Douglass
by Maria Diedrich

(Hill and Wang, 480 pp., \$35)

Trials of Intimacy:
Love and Loss in the Beecher-Tilton Scandal
by Richard Fox

(University of Chicago, 384 pp., \$30)

AHISTORY OF love? Surely eros is the least historical of subjects. Even love's most up-to-the-minute encounters seem to rehearse timeless plots, today's ardor drawing on an eternal wellspring of ardor. Yet love, too, has its past and its present. Or so sensed Lucien Febvre, the great French historian of the *Annales* school, when he called urgently in 1941, from occupied Paris, for a new history of the emotions, without which "there will be no real history possible."

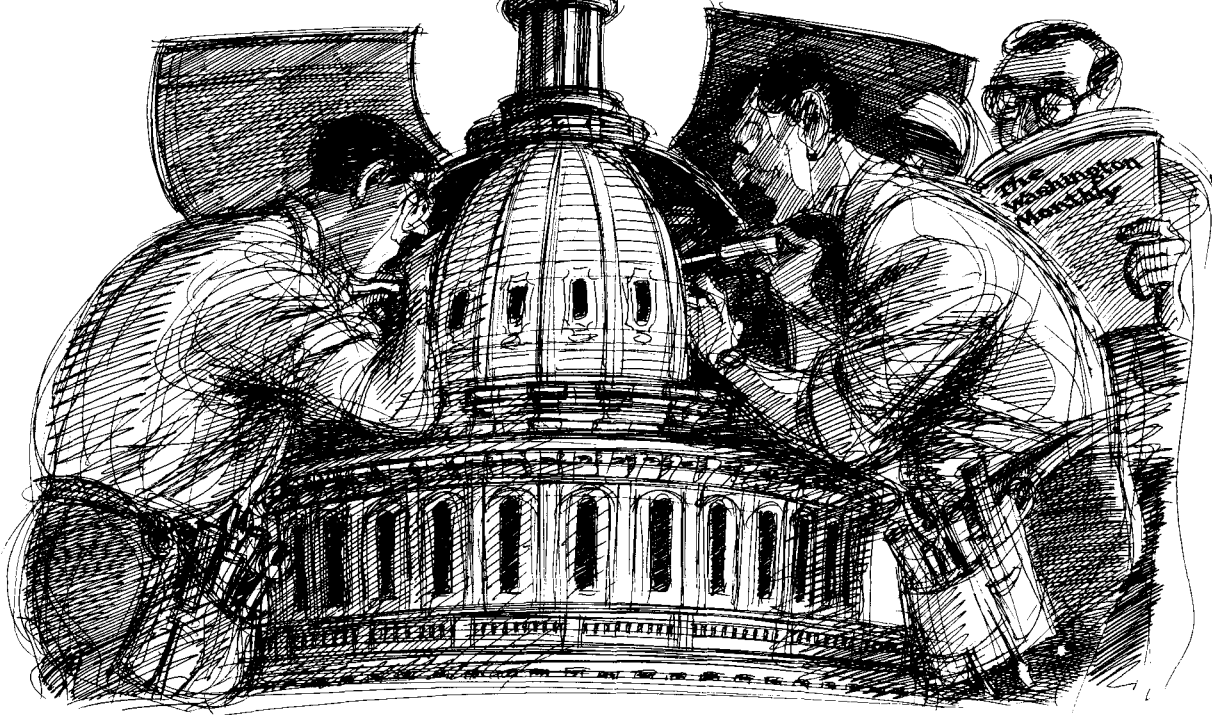
The historical ignorance of too many fundamental questions was too great, Febvre insisted. About some primary human themes, indeed, the historical ignorance was total. Febvre spoke with

urgency, almost with desperation—as if a crash campaign by historians into the mysteries of the human psyche, into the *mentalités*, could stave off the catastrophe that he was living through. "No history of love, just remember that," he scolded, as if this were the most egregious omission of all. Febvre had in mind not architectonic treatises on the intellectual history of love, but something much closer to the body and to the mundane maneuverings of the mind: a history of the kineshetics of love, a scholarship of love's sensuous and imaginative substance.

Half a century later, love remains an obdurate historical subject. It is easier to trace its changing outward expressions (courtship rituals, marital expectations, the influences of religion) than to pick apart its weave. What methods are required for the history of feelings? Certainly the most profound ruminations on the historical peculiarities of love have come from close studies of relationships

CHRISTINE STANSELL's *American Moderns: Bohemian New York and the Making of a New Century* will be published by Metropolitan Books this May.

Capitol Repair Kit



While Washington burns with partisan rhetoric, we cool the air with clear-headed, innovative solutions to some of the nation's most unyielding problems. And we have fun doing it. **The Washington Monthly** explores the quirks, cons, and paralysis that too often underpin American politics—then we offer a sensible way out. *The New York Observer* says we are the magazine "to which anyone who gives a damn about this country must subscribe."



SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE!

☐ YES! Enter my subscription for a full year (10 issues) to **The Washington Monthly** for only \$29.95.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Exp. _____

The Washington Monthly

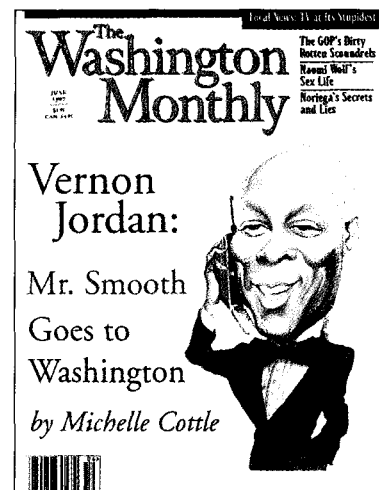
Box 587

Mount Morris, IL 61054

For Canadian and other foreign subscriptions add \$7. Please remit U.S. funds.

AO302

"... holds up a deadly accurate mirror to the Washington political culture, exposing its hypocrisies, stupidities, and unexpected triumphs." — *Michael Beschloss*



in a past so distant that it is unequivocally strange, such as Natalie Zemon Davis's delicate excavation of the emotional archaeology of a peasant marriage in sixteenth-century France, in *The Return of Martin Guerre*.

But the subtle, full-bodied work has stopped short of the nineteenth century, where the blockbuster themes take over: the rise of romantic love, companionate marriage, affective individualism. Those are the developments that announce the advent of our own emotional era. With the Victorians, it has been easier for historians to draw parallels and continuities than to detect interest and oddness. Yet love in the nineteenth century is not quite as familiar as we think. Cut loose from stereotypes of prudishness and sentiment, it can still shimmer—a volatile combination of noble ideals and wayward emotion, stunningly oblivious to danger. These two books sketch the contours of a mid-century piece of idealistic, sophisticated, civic-minded America that, far from being a school for conjugal propriety, was a laboratory for experiments in heightening the meaning and the experience of love.

PRYING OPEN INTIMATE relations of love for the purposes of historical study is not an easy task. Often the historian's only avenue of access is through love gone bad, love that ends up in divorce court or murder charges or emotional mayhem. Maria Diedrich's study of the love of Ottilie Assing and Frederick Douglass is all the more remarkable because it treats a long-lasting extramarital affair that should have been a scandal, but was not one. Indeed, it is in the normality of this highly unconventional love, prohibited in so many ways, that the story's great interest lies.

Frederick Douglass had escaped slavery in 1838 to become a leading abolitionist orator, writer, and editor. When he met Ottilie Assing in 1856, he was married and had five children. Assing was single, a well-born German expatriate employed as American correspondent for a German newspaper. They knew each other for twenty-eight years, and for most of those years they conducted a generally happy love affair with the tacit knowledge of Douglass's wife and children and Assing's closest friends.

The two were wanderers from vastly different emotional worlds. Assing came from an extraordinarily high-pitched milieu of post-Enlightenment German Romantics. One of two daughters of a "mixed" marriage in Hamburg of a Gentile mother and a Jewish father (a physician who converted to Christianity when he married), she knew from childhood about the stigma to which unorthodox

loves fell prey. Her aunt was the redoubtable Rahel Varnhagen, the great Jewish *saloniste* and militant proponent of women's education. For years Varnhagen was the unabashed mistress of Ottilie's maternal uncle, a diplomat much younger than herself. She, too, converted to Christianity to marry him; but respectable Germans never forgave the Varnhagens, and bourgeois Hamburg shunned the Assings. Their daughters grew up in an atmosphere of Jew-baiting and social ostracism.

Ottilie's mother responded by creating in her home a select circle of poets, artists, writers, and political intellectuals, Christians and Jews: people committed to an ethos of egalitarianism and humanism stifled elsewhere in conservative Germany.



Ottilie Assing

The girls were educated at home and isolated from respectable Hamburg society, but they nonetheless had a cosmopolitan upbringing. "Born in Restoration Germany," Diedrich notes, "they were, in intellectual terms, children of the most progressive elements of the German Enlightenment and German Romanticism." This milieu gave some play to women. Among its articles of faith was a belief in the intellectually rigorous education of girls, and more, in the solid preparation of woman for a profession, and for earning a living.

The role models were Aunt Rahel and George Sand. What one observer later denounced as the "business of mistresses" was central to this intelligentsia's self-definition. Flirtations and affairs (casual liaisons and committed relationships)

occurred routinely between men and women of different religions, marital situations, and ages. Drawing from the Romantics, both sexes burnished an image of a proud womanhood that defied convention. Outside their insular circles, the bluestockings appeared to be women of low repute, but among themselves they seemed like high priestesses of an unfolding humanity. Diedrich does not say so, but across the ocean, at about the time Ottilie Assing was reaching adolescence, a yearning girl named Margaret Fuller was succoring herself on the German Romantics, and also forming a sense of a glorious womanhood and the eros of Romantic companionship. Like Ottilie Assing, Margaret Fuller would later become a self-supporting journalist, one of a handful of women plying the trade; and like Assing, she would make a sensual and unusual match, in her case with Giovanni Ossoli, an Italian revolutionary and nobleman ten years her junior.

ASSING BOUGHT INTO "the business of mistresses" as soon as she entered adulthood. Orphaned, she moved in the 1840s into the home of her lover, a distinguished German theater director, as his children's governess. The arrangement was a scandal in respectable society, but it was accepted among her parents' friends, and it was tolerated by the wife. When the man died, having milked Assing for her inheritance to finance his failing theatre, she was penniless, but she never seems to have been tempted to slide into the victim's role. She struggled to regain her financial independence, and she cheered on the events of 1848. In 1851, now employed by a distinguished republican journal, Assing sailed to the United States to begin a career as a writer. Raised in an intellectual hothouse that sought to cultivate new species of emotional possibilities, she was an anomaly in Germany, but she was supremely outfitted for reform America, and for its belief in transcendental outcomes.

Her relationship with Frederick Douglass began when she travelled to his Rochester home in 1856 to interview him. In that first meeting, interest kindled: they covered the requisite political topics, but in the discreet manner of flirting intellectuals they also discovered shared loves in literature and poetry, as the conversation tumbled well into the afternoon. Douglass's wife Anna served refreshments to the pair in the parlor, but not in the manner of the mistress of the household. Assing mistook her for a servant, so quiet and deferential was her manner.

It is impossible to know when the love affair truly commenced, since the two eventually destroyed most of their corre-

spondence. But quite soon after the Rochester pilgrimage, Assing moved from Manhattan to an enclave of German '48ers in Hoboken, where the neighbors' radical sympathies and the distance from Manhattan scandal-mongers made it safe for Douglass to visit for long stretches at a time. The next summer she came to live with the Douglass family while she worked with him on a German translation of his autobiography. The pattern continued for years: Douglass, an honored intimate with the Germans in Hoboken in the winters; Assing, a sprightly houseguest in Rochester in the summer, arranging jolly outings, picking pears in the orchard, running wild with the children in the garden. (Think of Laurie's romps with the March girls in *Little Women* and you will hear the note of merry friendship that Assing strained to evoke.)

OVER TIME, ASSING built up an American interracial love story from the German Romanticism that had shaped her youth. She was Douglass's "natural wife," and theirs was the love that knew no law. He was the striving hero, mightily struggling to escape first the bondage of slavery and now the bondage of marriage. She was the passionate heroine, impervious to the tepid comforts of respectability, home, marriage; willing to sacrifice all for wrenching, soul-stirring love. Like many a story of love under duress, Assing's story fastened on psychological realities and ignored inconvenient facts.

The most stubborn of those facts was the presence of Anna Douglass. Assing simply obliterated her. She was, to Assing's mind, a millstone around Frederick Douglass's neck, a withholding mother, an old hag. Although the two women kept up a rancid courtesy in each other's presence, Assing nastily mocked Anna to others, including to Douglass. Diedrich argues that racial prejudice intensified jealousy: Assing deflected her discomfort with black people away from her educated, brilliant, well-spoken lover to the darker-skinned, illiterate, and decidedly plebeian housewife. Her Romantic plot had no room for the discarded, middle-aged spouse. For her, Anna Douglass was a minstrel ducky—portly, homely, comically ill-spoken.

Douglass had a very different experience of love, to say the least. While he confabulated with Assing, he stayed the conjugal course, like many an errant husband. For the former slave, legal marriage embodied—at least in the higher realms of the imagination—not bondage but freedom's bounty. Never mind the daily grind of family aggravations. To marry a dear companion, to raise your children as your

own, to experience daily devotion that unfurled into the future, to know that neither your wife nor your children could be taken from you, or you from them: the meanings of family attachments for the freedpeople ran so deep that now, a century and a quarter later, they are almost unfathomable. Douglass had hardly known his mother, and he never knew his father. Like so many enslaved children, he had been cared for on the run by a succession of kindly fictive kin. Slavery, he later wrote, had "made my brothers and sisters strangers to me; it converted the mother that bore me into a myth; it shrouded my father in mystery, and left me without an intelligible beginning in the world." Solidity, home comfort, the creak of the oars in the locks each day: those were all the blessings of Zion.

DIEDRICH TAKES GREAT care to rescue Anna Douglass from the oblivion to which the other two consigned her. The record is scant, but Diedrich finds enough material to reconstruct a picture of a tough, competent woman who made the best of an intolerable situation which she lacked the power to change or to leave. Anna Murray was a freeborn black in Baltimore who, at considerable peril, helped the young dockworker Frederick Douglass escape to New York. In their early straggling years, when Douglass could barely support himself, let alone their growing family (so segregated were the maritime trades in the city), she kept the family going with her wages from domestic service, all the while raising their children.

An ardent abolitionist herself, she wholeheartedly supported her husband's career in the movement, but the toll on her was considerable. Frequently on the road, Douglass was an absentee father. He must have been exciting but exhausting to have as a spouse. Interestingly, Anna Douglass's happiest time seems to have been a period in 1845 when her husband, threatened with recapture by his owner, took refuge in England. She spurned the abolitionists' offers of charity and moved her family to Lynn, Massachusetts, where she worked as a shoebinder, tithed from her scant wages to the anti-slavery cause, and busily participated in the local abolitionist society, peopled by working-class people, black and white, much like herself.

When the family moved to Rochester in 1847, Douglass, now an anti-slavery celebrity, turned into a Victorian grandee in his own house—a Great Man to be served and honored. Anna Douglass slipped back into the kitchen and into the housekeeper's role, distrustful of the fancy guests and the female admirers, harsh with the children, but still managing an

immaculate home and delicious meals. She was always dignified in comportment; there is no mention of tears or recriminations from any of the many guests and well-wishers who witnessed the household firsthand. It was a working marriage, but it was not a marriage that worked.

But the Douglass-Assing bond seemed to be, for most of its duration, a working affair and an affair that worked. The errant husband and the exciting mistress transport us instantly to the realm of the nineteenth-century novel of love. But Diedrich sees her role as a historical analyst, not a reporter of cultural scripts, and so she probes below the stereotypical elements. What, exactly, were the sources of feeling and attachment? What were the mechanisms of equilibrium?

The question of race immediately rears its head. Many dumb books have been written about love across the color line in America, lubricious excursions into ahistorical simplicities about the exoticism of dark skin or pale skin, the "Mandingo" syndrome, the competition with "others" over "their" men or "their" women, and so on. Recently, though, some fine-grained legal and social studies have broken with this moonlight-and-magnolias tradition of titillation, and Diedrich's book is indebted to the recent work. Rather than invoking abstractions about the erotic properties of color, Diedrich speculates more precisely on the chemistry of cross-racial love. And this takes her into some interesting byways—most notably, the romance of reading and the sexiness of female education.

Reading was in general a much more social activity in the nineteenth century than it is today. Parents routinely read to their assembled families; friends and siblings read together; lovers read aloud to each other. For Douglass, as for many of the freedpeople, reading was the key to freedom. He always maintained that, even before he escaped, literacy released him from mental slavery, and gave him the intellectual resources to understand he was fully a man.

Yet Anna Murray, although she was herself born free, was illiterate, and refused to learn to read. Perhaps reading was one thing too many for her demanding mate to ask. Perhaps she was afraid she would fail. Perhaps, in the quietly reckless way of the wife who sees defeat looming, she sought satisfaction in one small act of defiance, laying down a line between his evolving life and her own stasis. Whatever the case, Anna's refusal to read put the seal on a great estrangement. The "rhetorical man," as one scholar has called him, strode off into the vortex of words and text swirling in the anti-slavery

battle, and the illiterate woman—no less committed to their cause—retreated into domesticity and silence.

Ottolie Assing, on the other hand, was a writer. She came from a world in which kindred souls caught fire in reading together, and where love affairs were conducted as lusciously in letters as in the flesh. It was not her skin color that entranced Douglass, though skin color would have entered the mix: it was her brains, her education, her learnedness. This was a world in which female education was still sufficiently contraband for the flash of a woman's mind to appear, to some men, like a glimpse of a woman's ankle.

And, it is safe to say, those illicit goods of the mind belonged to white women. Wherever Douglass went, Diedrich delicately notes, he was drawn to a particular kind of savvy, wordly, middle-class white woman. (Another young white woman had preceded Assing in his life.) They implied an exciting difference from the black women he knew. As Diedrich observes, "the way these women moved, talked, thought, dressed, the letters they wrote, their professionalism, the sophisticated assurance with which they conducted themselves in public, their self-confidence seemed to arouse his interest."

One could make much of Douglass, the black man, as the titillating "other" of this duo; but in fact Assing was "other" to him, too, entrancing for her willingness to let her exotic European animatedness be molded to his needs. In a culture that celebrated white women's domesticity, softness, delicacy, and sexual reticence, Assing boasted vigor and strength. She drank beer as well as wine, and took pleasure in accomplishments, and reveled in her life as his lover. Words flew thick and fast in weekly letters between them, in her admiring articles on him, in her translation of his autobiography, in her companion pieces for the German papers to his pieces for the American press and, after the Civil War, in their journalistic collaboration on his new paper, the *New National Era*.

The affair seems to have served both of them for many years. When the Douglass family moved to Washington after a fire (possibly arson) destroyed their Rochester house, Douglass built an extra wing in order to accommodate several now-grown children and perhaps Assing as well. The long visits continued. But tensions also built, with little emotional sur-

plus to ease them. After the war, as the politics of Emancipation disintegrated, everything in their world tightened: finances, family troubles, journalism. Douglass's children faced the indignities of a segregated labor market, from which even their father could not protect them. Family crises swarmed around the Washington home, and no child ever left for long. With all these dependents, his need for a steady income was great, and he worked patronage connections within an increasingly racist Republican Party to land official positions.

Douglass's slide into the ranks of the party faithful was not lost on Assing. She was the lover, not the wife, and her delegated job was to guard the shrine of his highest possibilities, not to reassure him



Frederick Douglass

in straitened circumstances. She subtly reproached him for succumbing to political exigency; he subtly reproached her for growing old. Assing envisioned a European tour together as a way to recuperate their love, but she ended up going alone. In Europe, in 1883, she learned, perhaps from the newspapers, that Anna Murray Douglass had died, and that Douglass had married a young white woman, his secretary Helen Pitts. Not long afterward Assing killed herself with poison in a park in Paris. A good sport to the end, she left no vengeful suicide note, no recriminatory letter for her lover.

The power of Maria Diedrich's book is a testament to the scholarly judiciousness—one could also say the moral sense—of its author. Diedrich tries to give the relation-

ship the same respect that a sympathetic historian gives a failed revolution—taking care to reflect, first of all, upon the dignified terms that the protagonists used to represent their endeavor, whatever its follies. It is not an easy job, because what seemed initially satisfying and even noble in the infidelity—the courage of love across the color line—turned hurtful and hard.

Since most of the letters were destroyed, Diedrich must extrapolate many of her conclusions from the public behavior of the lovers. Douglass, the survivor, is the more enigmatic, since his prolific writings contain virtually nothing but polite references to his helpful friend, the journalist Miss Assing, and nothing bearing on the extraordinary ménage-à-trois that

he conducted in the heart of his family. Ottolie Assing did leave her articles on the great man, and a smattering of letters to family and friends; and so it is her story that becomes the focus of Diedrich's investigation in the post-Civil War years. As the relationship slides into tired chronic battling between the lovers ("you say you'll come to Europe and you never do," "I'll try, I'll try") and Douglass's own feelings fade and then disappear altogether, the book loses the tautness of Diedrich's initial compositions for duet and trio, and becomes a dispiriting solo.

Diedrich goes a little too easy on Frederick Douglass for my taste. As the relationship sours in the 1870s, her tone towards Assing becomes impatient, even censorious. "Perhaps she had to portray Douglass as a victim of inhumane divorce laws, a martyr to his public role, for the alternative reading would have suggested that he stayed with his family because this was what he really wanted, because he loved his public role, his property, himself more than her; that she was not in control, that she was being used, that the black woman was stronger after all." It is curious that it is Assing whom she hauls up on the dock. "It is easy, and not very gracious, to pass judgment upon the vanquished," wrote the late C. Vann Woodward in a very different context. Yes, Assing was woefully self-deluding. But how in the world did Douglass portray the two women in his life when he prayed to a forgiving God? The temptation to take sides as the relationship dissolves is almost overwhelming, but the book might have been stronger towards the end if Diedrich had avoided it altogether.

When speaking of love across the color line, scholars now routinely toss off the lure of "otherness" as if the catchword were an explanation in itself of timeless human verities. Certainly Assing and Douglass drew pleasure from their dissimilar backgrounds; but the eroticized strangeness was transmuted into the likeness of two entwined lives, and therein lay the quicksilver joy. What is striking about Assing and Douglass is how resolutely they made their love from emotional resources at loose in their own world. Vastly expanded opportunities for travel and immigration and, for a few, the experience of leavening democratic movements (especially anti-slavery and, later, anti-colonial politics) greatly amplified the chances that both men and women might meet "others" in intimate settings. Most of these encounters were tinged by awkwardness, by deadening stereotypes, by prejudice and mutual distrust. But for Assing and Douglass, captivated for very different reasons by the idea of the making of new selves, such encounters might not only be educative or philanthropic, they might also be transformative of one's inner life. Fantasy, ethical ideals, sensual play, and folly all ran through a connection that promised to re-create the partners.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to imagine Assing and Douglass falling in love in the 1870s, when the Beecher-Tilton scandal exploded, so attenuated was the political excitement that had first given their relation its charge. In the solid, comfortable precincts of Brooklyn Heights, where Henry Ward Beecher preached at Plymouth Church, otherness was in very short supply. Beecher concentrated on preaching an expansive Christian love that bound like to like.

Since the early years of the Civil War, Beecher, the most powerful minister of his day, had been dear friends with the younger Theodore Tilton, an anti-slavery and women's rights writer, and to a lesser degree with Tilton's wife Elizabeth. He had married the couple, and both were members of his congregation; and Theodore was also Beecher's protégé, rising with his help to become, by the end of the war, a leading New York reformer, an editor and a journalist, and an orator of stature. The Tilton marriage appears to have been a passionate union in the Brooklyn Heights mode, strengthened by Christian belief, steady upward mobility, a big house, and a gift for entertaining—as well as a pack of children and a real, sensuous bond.

At some point, Henry Ward Beecher incorporated Elizabeth into the soul affinity that he felt for Theodore. She was a woman whose spiritual discernment

seemed to promise both of them an access to the divine otherwise denied them. But as Theodore's orthodox faith weakened and then collapsed, and he grew bitter over differences with Beecher over Republican Party politics, the primary bond shifted to that between the minister and the wife. Whispers rustled through well-heeled Brooklyn and liberal Manhattan, reaching, among others, Susan Anthony and Elizabeth Stanton and the free-love radical Victoria Woodhull.

In 1870 a semi-public blowup between the Tiltons increased the volume, and by 1872 rumors were sufficiently rife to lead Woodhull to expose the triangle to readers of her free radical newspaper and to denounce Beecher for his hypocrisy. Plymouth Church held an investigation into the matter in 1874, and exonerated Beecher. Then Tilton brought charges against Beecher in a criminal trial held in Brooklyn in 1875. It ended in a hung jury.

AFTER FIVE YEARS, the scandal finally ran its course. Beecher, whose swelling fame could absorb his new notoriety, continued ministering to his church and his nation, although celebrity accounted now for his aura more than did his once-vaunted moral excellence. But the Tiltons' lives were smashed. Elizabeth, now a single mother, became a sort of secular nun, taking in a few boarders to support her family, sticking close to home, and devoting herself to piety and good works with a small band of Christians who sought a purer form of worship outside the established church. Theodore tried to keep afloat a career as a lecturer, but failed, and ended up an expatriate in Paris where he turned out volumes of light verse and entertained friends from the old days (including Frederick Douglass, who finally made it to Europe four years after Ottilie Assing killed herself).

Most writers have cast Beecher as the lynchpin of this triangle, a genial Svengali who roped in two confused if morally dubious souls. Richard Fox, too, devotes much of his interpretation to the minister, but he also scrupulously considers the motives and the interests that encouraged the other two to active participation. Elizabeth Tilton emerges as an interesting protagonist in the history of love. She has always been portrayed as a dizzy dame in the Victorian mode: besotted with sentimental novels, airily religious, incapable of introspection. She is certainly a difficult figure to catch hold of, partly because she changed her story several times and partly because her language of ethereal love is, today, so baffling.

She was, as her husband and her minister agreed, a person of unusual spiritual gifts. "She had a genius of religious sen-

Unabridged Audiobooks



Over 1,700 Titles
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
for a free catalogue, with \$6 off coupon write or call:
Dept. NE • Box 969 • Ashland, OR 97520
1-800-729-2665
<http://www.blackstoneaudio.com>
BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED
WRITE, OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO:
MINERVA PUBLISHING CO.
1001 BRICKELL BAY DR., # 2310, MIAMI, FL 33131

"BILLYBAR SOAPS"
"After Bill Leaves... Let's Wash Up!!!"

Look for Hillary in here too!
www.billybars.com

THE NEW REPUBLIC

WE WOULD LIKE YOUR HELP!

If there is a newsstand or bookstore in your neighborhood that *does not* sell **The New Republic** and you think it should, please let us know. Either call us at (202)331-7494 ext. 3402 or send an e-mail message with the name and address of the newsstand or bookstore, along with your name to:

Circulation@tnr.com

For Customer Service problems or inquiries please call our toll-free number

1-800-827-1289

ment," Beecher said in the Plymouth Church investigation. "Had she lived in other days, and in the Catholic Church, she has always seemed to me to be one of those who would have inspirations and ecstatic visions." In both public hearings, the two men strove to surpass each other with testimonies to her sanctity. Sacralizing Elizabeth was a way to divert attention from the less palatable aspects of their own complicity; but it was also, as Fox argues, a way to hang on to their weakening friendship, a shared project that persisted even after their common commitment to reform politics and orthodox belief had gone. Cast in their minds as the angel in the house, Elizabeth's supposedly spotless actions protected both men from scrutinizing their own "preferred self-conceptions."

Fox's book does not ever create a coherent portrait of Mrs. Tilton, but it provides enough glimpses of her dilemmas to suggest a woman of some clarity working with the resources at hand to remedy a treasured marriage that had gone bad in perplexing ways. It comes as a surprise, for example, that the loyal Theodore was both deeply in love with his wife and cruelly reproachful of her. "I was so insignificant that he was ashamed of me." "He seemed to be unwilling that I should be as the Lord made me." The avid reader of sentimental trash, who never could be sure whether she did or did not commit adultery, was crisp and lucid when she described the differences between her relations with Theodore and with Beecher: "There was always a damper between me and Theodore, but there never was between me and Mr. Beecher . . . to this day I never could sit down with Theodore without being self-conscious and feeling his sense of my inequality with him."

But her intimacy with Beecher was not just a refuge from the self-loathing that Theodore's criticisms brought out in her. It was, she hoped (with Beecher's encouragement), a means to break the hold of those criticisms, not so that she could leave him but so that she could reanimate the marriage with a more perfect love born of her renewed confidence. But this was, as they say, over-managing. Elizabeth herself acknowledged that it was this miscalculation—that love would beget love—that allowed the threesome to spin out of control. Still, she had felt salutary effects: in repenting of her closeness to the minister, she boldly invited her husband back and proffered not self-abasement but a "tried, purified, and restored love."

Nobody has ever established whether or not Beecher and Mrs. Tilton had sex. Beecher prevaricated in his orotund way through the two investigations, and Elizabeth Tilton changed her statements sev-

eral times. There was no semen-stained dress to clinch the case. (Indeed, the verbosity of the testimony makes a historian grateful for our own plain-spoken Monica Lewinsky, who set the record straight for posterity.) Fox wisely avoids the lure of the detective's role. He concentrates instead on the questions that a historian can, with reason, answer: What was the nature of the emotional connection among the three? What was the substance of their love? And what fascination did the scandal hold for America?

THIS LAST QUESTION is not an easy one: scandals have a shelf-life almost as short as the shelf-life of jokes. This was a big scandal, a grand scandal, a scandal to end all scandals; and yet it is just about impossible now to be drawn into a musty parlor farce played out between men with handlebar mustaches and women with corkscrew curls. Still, Fox is mesmerized by what he sees as an awesome and mysterious affair, and he becomes a scandal buff, dragging readers through a welter of details that even those of us prepared by nights of parsing surreptitious movements in and out of the Oval Office cannot possibly follow.

The organization of Fox's volume aggravates the bewilderment. In order to focus on the elements that made up the scandal, Fox eschews a simple chronological structure. Instead he cuts back and forth between story-telling moments, beginning with the protagonists' final versions of what happened (given before each died around the turn of the century), then zipping ahead to the two public trials, then zooming back to the 1860s, when the triangle took shape, and so forth. To add to the confusion, he loads on a historian's version of stream-of-consciousness, taking off from a particular point down some pathway into deep context. Beecher's gift of orange blossoms to Mrs. Tilton, for example, provokes a disquisition on the meaning of flowers in Victorian sentimental culture.

When he foregoes his role of bounding *cicerone* to his protagonists' stories, however, Fox develops a complicated interpretation of the roots of the scandal in the culture of the Gilded Age. This is certainly the best book ever written on the scandal itself and, stripped of its pretenses, it is also an important interpretation of liberal Protestantism in a secularizing age. Like Maria Diedrich, Fox refuses to sneer. A mellifluous writer himself, he provides an unexpectedly strong argument for the integrity, intellectual and personal, of the mellifluous Henry Ward Beecher, and, by extension, of the Tiltons.

In Fox's account, Beecher was not an evangelist spreading his "religion of gush"

over his adulterous tracks. He was, more matter-of-factly, a man who believed in the social efficacy of the feeling that he identified as Christian and "never tired of calling love." The intimate friendship of Beecher and Mrs. Tilton may have gone over the top, but it was far from unique in their culture; and it was Beecher's innovation to see that such a close friendship could generate even more love. Exhilarating circles of love could include varieties of relationships between the sexes, strangers, neighbors, friends, spouses. As a minister, he made his church a place where men and women might mix and widen their emotional and imaginative repertoire.

Fox's argument is an ingenious brief for a brand of Christianity usually denounced as flaccid and self-serving, a precursor of today's feel-good faith. Beecher, in Fox's view, sought to substitute for the social ideals that had galvanized his world before the Civil War a notion of love as in itself constituting a form of stewardship. While Beecher accommodated, in his glad-handing way, all sorts of people—opportunistic adulterers, Gilded Age stockbrokers, flighty matrons, and earnest young evangelicals—he also promised a renewal that seemed to be within everyone's reach: "opening male and female selves to new experiences of nature, beauty, health, and sympathy."

NOW IMAGINE THE implausible: Henry Ward Beecher called in to counsel the Douglass ménage. He would have advised Miss Assing not to forego her affair, but to substitute for the joys of the flesh a more generous communion with Mrs. Douglass and the children. A great practitioner of amorous reading—a major turn toward soul-affinity with Elizabeth occurred as he read her a draft of his novel—Beecher would have certainly instructed Anna to do her part, too, by learning to read, so that she could join her husband and their friend in the republic of letters. He might have gone out for a vigorous stroll with Douglass, walking arm in arm as he loved to do with Theodore Tilton, and confessing that he, too, knew the impulse to shed a too-familiar self, to employ love in the service of rousing a hidden being within him. And he would have urged everyone concerned to bow their heads and consecrate their feelings to an omniscient God's love-commands. Each of them, fortified by his or her distinct vision of a deeply American, thoroughly emancipated love, might have trusted, for a moment, Beecher's optimism. But none—except perhaps Anna Murray Douglass—would have been left with any antidote for a species of love that harrowed the human heart. ■

Is day care good for parents or children?

Mothers and Markets

By ELISABETH LASCH-QUINN

THE WAY A society treats its young is perhaps its most important measure of success. It is no wonder, then, that debates currently rage in America over nearly every aspect of this society's policies related to child-rearing. Two institutions in particular, day care and foster care, have drawn particular ire. For every critic of day care and foster care, however, there seem to be a multitude of defenders who claim that it would be more dangerous to abandon these practices than to try something new—or old, for that matter.

Child welfare in America is now a cause for consternation, if not outright alarm. Norms that once characterized life among only the most deprived Americans have become universal. Divorce, full-time day care, overwork, reliance on outside experts to cope with the ordinary challenges of everyday life, simultaneous full-time work schedules for both parents of young children, and the reduction of child-rearing to the crass baseline of supervision: these are just a few tendencies that have come to be accepted as normal for middle-class families. The full costs of this change are only now being fully felt, and fully admitted.

But not, apparently, by stalwarts, particularly some on the political left. Still hobbled by the terms of debate that came out of the 1960s, much of what we hear from the left fails to take into account the complex quandaries faced by most citizens, who find themselves stultified by the “time bind,” as Arlie Hochschild has described it, together with inner conflict over day care and doubts about governmental programs for child welfare such as foster care. It is not that the political right has offered a more nuanced rendering of daily dilemmas facing American families: simplistic “family values” sloganeering could hardly capture the real value that most ordinary Americans place on family

life, or the struggles that they face in this era to foster it. Sham concern is to be expected from those who have traditionally failed to grasp how thoroughly the so-called free market has devastated family life.

Sonya Michel writes thoughtfully from the left, and her treatment of the history of day care promises to deliver a more careful map of this terrain than is usually available, but she loses her way in an unquestioning advocacy for universal government-supported day care. Playing a variation on the old question of why there was no socialism in the United States, Michel asks why there was no universal, state-funded day care. This question strikes Michel as profoundly important,

CHILDREN'S INTERESTS/
MOTHERS' RIGHTS: THE
SHAPING OF AMERICA'S
CHILD CARE POLICY
by Sonya Michel
(Yale University Press,
410 pp., \$35)

CHILDREN WHO COULD
HAVE BEEN: THE LEGACY
OF CHILD WELFARE IN
WEALTHY AMERICA
by William M. Epstein
(University of Wisconsin Press,
170 pp., \$22.95)

CARE AND EQUALITY:
INVENTING A NEW
FAMILY POLITICS
by Mona Harrington
(Alfred A. Knopf, 206 pp., \$24)

for she believes that without universal day care, there can be no equality for women.

What keeps American women from achieving equality with American men, in Michel's view, is their “social assignment to motherhood.” Since child-bearing and child-rearing curtail women's ability to earn wages, they cannot compete fairly with men, and so they lack genuinely equal opportunity. Motherhood, in this account, gets cast as a kind of social disability, certainly as a social problem, the only remedy for which is a guaranteed right to what Michel and others in this school of thought call “social citizenship.”

The idea is that without social support from government, individuals cannot achieve full citizenship, since they start with differing levels of disadvantage.

ITS UNROMANTIC PORTRAIT of motherhood aside, the notion of “social citizenship” lends itself to a number of criticisms. In Michel's version of the concept, women's uninterrupted, full-time participation in the labor force is a prerequisite for citizenship. This idea immediately raises the obvious constitutive issue, supposedly held dear by Americans since the age of Jackson, that citizenship is not supposed to be legally bound to wealth or wages in any way. It also begs the question of the exact connection between equality in the marketplace—measured only in aggregate wages—and equality in civic life. Michel simply asserts that without equal wages, women's voices do not count equally. The only premises that one can find here seem to be those of the market: money is power; money talks.

Other scholars have established a more careful connection between citizenship and participation in the labor force—asserting, for instance, that individuals overburdened with household responsibilities on top of employment have trouble finding the time to participate actively in their communities, let alone to vote. And Michel's book joins a small group of vital studies that address a fundamental social perplexity of our time: how to reconcile the rearing of children with the demands of employment. The entrance of unprecedented numbers of mothers, especially those with young children, into the work force since World War II has brought fundamental social change. The question of how to resolve new time conflicts without restoring the expectation that women should have sole or supreme responsibility for child-rearing is a real one. Yet Michel's answer—that child care should be a universal entitlement—leaves a lot to be desired.

Michel's scholarship is impressive, and in her meticulously researched history of American debates about day care she tries energetically to get beyond the dichotomy that simplifies and distorts those debates: the opposition between “children's interests” and “women's rights.” But she spends too little time on children and too much time on women. Worse, she attributes all qualms about day care to an unchanging and pernicious “maternalism” whose proponents sought to exclude women from paid labor, and thus to keep them down and unequal. As a result, Michel does not end up illuminating the very real anxieties raised by the explosion in the numbers of working mothers.

Michel considers the most direct ances-

ELISABETH LASCH-QUINN is associate professor of history at Syracuse University and author of *Black Neighbors: Race and the Limits of Reform in the American Settlement House Movement, 1890-1945* (University of North Carolina Press).

tor of the modern day care center to be the nineteenth-century day nursery, since, unlike other institutions, it did not incorporate child labor or formal education. The first of its kind, the Nursery for the Children of Poor Women, was founded in New York City in 1854, and it was quickly joined by others in Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and other major cities, with the intent of allowing poor mothers to work, so they could avoid the last resort of charity or prostitution. Leaving children in a day nursery was considered an emergency measure both by the philanthropists and by the women themselves, who tended, according to Michel, "to avoid working for wages *outside* the home when they could afford to."

An exception to this model of day care as a last resort was the North Bennett Street Day Nursery, which was established by Pauline Agassiz Shaw in Boston. It emphasized education and allowed children of non-working mothers as well as working mothers to attend in order to benefit from the content of the programs. This same blend of care and education inspired the kindergarten movement. Led by Frances Willard, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, for instance, offered free urban kindergartens that combined the care of children and teacher-training. By 1890, one San Francisco center served more than 1,500 children.

IN GENERAL, THOUGH, the nurseries were considered charities, "indelibly associated with the lower classes, familial crisis, and the need for uplift." "Women of the middle and upper classes might manage day nurseries," Michel concludes, "but they would never consider sending their own children to one." But things began to change around the turn of the twentieth century, when day nurseries multiplied as the number of married women in the workforce increased, and a national child care movement was spearheaded by the National Federation of Day Nurseries, founded in 1898 and headed by the reformer Josephine Jewell Dodge.

Michel faults Dodge and others for pursuing only government regulation and not government support, favoring maternal employment only in an emergency, adopting a kind of amateurish "dilettantism," and embracing "sentimental maternalism" (a phrase that Michel borrows from the historian Molly Ladd-Taylor). This soft-headed approach, in Michel's opinion, dominated other perspectives that offered a more "positive view of child care." This view came from those who accepted maternal employment as a right or a fact of life, such as the National Associa-

tion of Colored Women, which was compelled by segregation to set up its own day nurseries. Likewise, Michel views a "second generation of maternalist reformers," headed by the U.S. Children's Bureau, as responsible for a "principled opposition to maternal employment" that led them to prefer mothers' pensions to day care.

Subsequent movements for day care also fell short of making day care seem like a desirable norm. During the Great Depression, the Works Progress Administration ran nursery schools, but only as an emergency measure. During World War II, more than 3,000 child-care centers received government support under the Lanham Act, but this support was discontinued after the war because of a resurgence of what Michel calls "neo-maternalism." Protests against the closing of child care centers galvanized a child-care movement in the 1950s, which supported the enactment of tax deductions for child care for low income families in 1954. And day care was again brought to the public eye in 1960 by a national conference co-sponsored by the federal government and a new organization, the National Committee on the Day Care of Children, spearheaded by Elinor Guggenheimer. But this movement, in Michel's view, erred in associating child care with anti-poverty measures, furthering the notion that publicly supported child care was only acceptable in dire situations.

Again in the 1960s, in Michel's telling, there were more "glimmers of universalism," as John F. Kennedy's President's Commission on the Status of Women pushed for expanded child-care facilities for all families, only to be stymied by the continuing "traditional maternalist position" that lamented the need for some mothers of very young children to work. The Child Welfare League of America, under Florence Ruderman, conducted a study of day care which sought to "destigmatize child care." A Comprehensive Child Development Act of 1971 would have devoted federal funds to day care, but it was vetoed by President Nixon. Government money for day care continued to be dispensed through anti-poverty legislation, such as Title XX of the Social Security Act of 1974 and the Aid to Day Care Centers Act of 1976.

Budget cuts in the 1980s lowered federal spending for day care for the poor, at the same time that tax exemptions for child care for all families were enacted. This spurred the establishment of private day care arrangements, including for-profit centers such as Kinder-Care or Children's World, employer-sponsored centers, and programs in nonprofit institutions such as the YWCA or the Salvation Army. These centers grew more popular,

while the use of so-called family providers (relatives or nonrelatives who cared for children in their own homes), once the choice of 46 percent of working women, came to be preferred by only 28 percent by 1994. For middle- or high-income families, care in the child's own home, either by nannies or other caretakers, added to this proliferation of practices. Michel argues that this diversity, especially the public/private split, created a divided constituency and hindered the adoption of universal child care by perpetuating the stigma on governmentally supported care.

MICHEL PRESENTS A wealth of useful information, but her analysis suffers from her reduction of any qualms about the mothers of young children taking on full-time work to a manifestation of vicious "maternalism." She assumes that a reactionary embrace of the domestic role for women explains all points of view that fell short of bombastic enthusiasm for day care and the full-time, uninterrupted employment of women. By doing so, she fails to take seriously reformers' distinctions between custodial and developmental (or educational) programs for children—best typified by the separation that many saw (and still see) between day care and nursery school. The anxieties of the reformers about whether supporting day care could encourage mothers to work even when unnecessary—which could deny young children the maternal care that they needed, and could lead to overwork for mothers—were also more legitimate than Michel acknowledges. As she points out, even Jane Addams, initially an advocate of day care, came to express such fears.

Michel's single-pronged argument thus fails to grapple with the widespread doubts that Americans continue to harbor about day care. She explains the lack of an organized movement by working women for universal, government-supported day care as a consequence of their lack of time rather than as an expression of real and dignified reservations about day care. Michel interprets the increased demand for day care services as a sign that working mothers embrace day care rather than an indication that they consider it a last-ditch alternative.

While the crux of Michel's argument is that children's interests and mothers' rights are not inevitably at odds, the book spends little time considering children at all. In place of a careful assessment of the factors that are crucial for the well-being of young children, and an analysis of how day care can or cannot fit the bill, there is the mantra-like evocation of what Michel calls "adequate care." Such a standard never gets fully explicated, nor is

there any hint that most parents want care for their children that is more than simply "adequate."

Michel's account glaringly omits a discussion of the effects of day care on children. Not only have prominent writers on child-rearing, such as Benjamin Spock and Penelope Leach, questioned the psychological impact of day care on children under three, but numerous studies have confirmed such doubts. The recent studies of the child-development researcher Jay Belsky have pointed to "elevated rates of insecure attachment" in children under one who were in full-time day care. The Harvard psychologist Burton White has summarized the common wisdom that "you need someone close at hand who has a kind of irrational love and commitment to the child, and it is difficult to find such people in substitute care." And in response to hearing authorities speak on a range of issues influencing children's early environment, Janet Reno testified in a Senate hearing that "zero to three is the most formative time in a person's life—a time when they develop a conscience." The Boston pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton believes that the first years of life "prepare the child for success or failure." While the more recent findings rightly raise the crucial factor of quality in both parental care or non-parental care, still other studies have widely reported the poor quality of much day care provision. Do we really want to ignore intelligent skepticism altogether?

ANOTHER STRIKING ASPECT of Michel's conclusions about day care is her uncritical acceptance of marketplace imperatives. Besides accepting participation in the labor market as a basis for citizenship, she assumes that financial responsibility for universal day care should go to government, leaving businesses to continue their ravages of American social life unhampered. She also accepts as a given the current structures of the workplace. For Michel, it is axiomatic that women should work perpetually in full-time jobs. She cites the argument of Gösta Esping-Anderson, a historical sociologist who studies welfare states in comparative perspective, that welfare states can be assessed by how independent their standard of living is from "pure market forces," that is, by how much they effect a "de-commodification" of individuals. Michel argues that what women need, however, is "precisely to become commodified—that is, to gain access to the labor market."

This capitulation to a market-defined notion of citizenship marks the degree to which capitalist excesses have managed to set the terms of public debate even among

those who, like Michel, wish to resist them by promoting socialized day care. Michel also seems to accept the consumerist principle that equates the quality of results with the amount of the expenditure. Rather than question the value of the institution of day care, she assumes that the primary problem has been the lack of public funding.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, EVEN the harshest critics of current public policy often see the solution as more spending on precisely the programs that they see as flawed. A case in point is William M. Epstein's muckraking study. He inquires into a very different issue—foster care—but he, too, ends up with a

similar call for more public spending on the very program that he denounces. His book begins with two horrifying stories of children whose lives of abuse and neglect led them to the governmentally supported system of foster care, only to encounter egregious problems in "the system." Epstein's book thus adds to a growing literature that uses real or composite case studies of children to display the horrors of foster care. After the opening vignettes, the book launches into a dense examination of numerous studies of the foster care system in the social sciences, concluding that this scholarship repeatedly fails to examine the effects of particular policies on the very people that they are supposed to help.

IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF *PARTISAN REVIEW*:

"The twists and turns of events following 1989 could best be observed from Austria—a country with three socialist neighbors. In August 1989, its foreign minister, in a joint action with his Hungarian counterpart, opened the iron curtain to let East Germans leave the Soviet Bloc. Other East European citizens soon followed. . . UNFORTUNATELY NOT ALL AUSTRIANS THINK in such international European ways. Joerg Haider's success in Austria's recent elections. . ."

Reinhard Engel, *The Troublesome Road to Europe*

And:

Walter Laqueur: "My Jerusalem"

David Sidorsky: "Rorty on America"

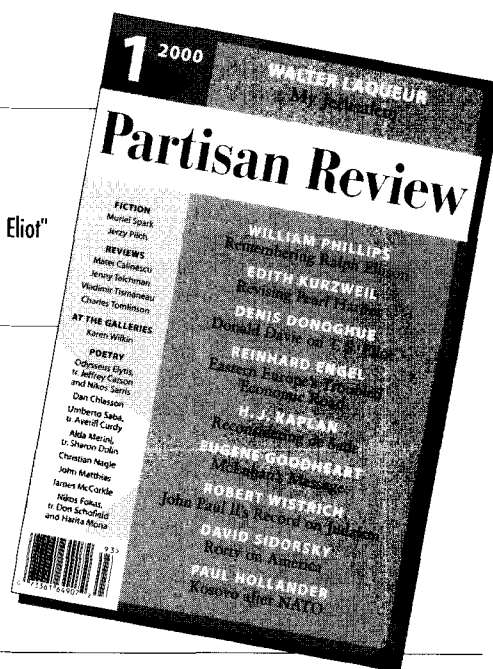
Denis Donoghue: "Donald Davie on T.S. Eliot"

Coming soon:

Ray Kurzweil on Inventing Technology

Poetry by John Updike

Adam Michnik on "Gogol's Venom"



PARTISAN REVIEW

236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215 • 617-353-4260 • partisan@bu.edu

Epstein believes that studies of the child welfare system generally falter for two reasons: they are driven by ideology and they forsake scientific method. Aware of the political stakes of their conclusions, scholars shape their studies according to whether they favor more or less funding for the programs involved. Liberals see abstract forces such as poverty as the cause of behavioral problems, while conservatives minimize these structural problems and emphasize personal responsibility. Neither seems able to get beyond concern with what causes children to enter the child-welfare system, and thus they neglect what Epstein rightly sees as the most crucial question, the effects of the system on children.

INSTEAD OF EXAMINING the quality of the choices that we have made as a society, Epstein argues, cost-benefit analysis assumes that any problems with the system can be treated through changes in technique, or the treatment of behavioral problems, or the redefinition of the problem. Most social-science professionals have a stake in the continuation of the system in some form, and so their differences tend to amount to mere "hucksterism for emerging fashions in compassion." Their studies reveal basic flaws in method, such as a lack of a control group or a random sample, so that it is impossible to conclude whether a particular outcome resulted from a particular service. Thus no valid assessment can be made, despite the scientific pretensions of the studies involved.

In recent years, for instance, a "family reunification" school of thought has emerged, which questions the wisdom of taking children away from their original families. Now, Epstein argues, studies assume that a return of the child to the family is a positive outcome, and so a program seems efficient if it removes fewer children from their first homes. Success gets tied to a standard of efficiency that has everything to do with the latest vogue in child welfare policy and nothing to do with whether the program benefits the child. In this case, studies that show higher rates of "family preservation" support all of the services that go into reunifying families or increasing permanent placement through adoptions rather than foster care. Epstein sees this trend as a mere cover for the general meanness that has crept into modern American life. The ideology of family reunification, he believes, keeps many children in disastrous home situations while permitting lower spending for child welfare.

Epstein's contention that programs aimed to help children are rarely evaluated for their actual effect on children is a

striking and important point. As he examines study after study, a pattern of avoidance of the whole question of child-care policy's impact on children does emerge. Still, after a book-length exposé of the horrors of the child-welfare system and the social-science literature that primarily serves to buttress it, Epstein seems to fall into the same trap as the scholars whom he attacks: he concludes that the problems of foster care can be addressed by additional funding. Ultimately, the blame for our child-welfare system, which by any measure must be seen as severely flawed, seems to Epstein to go to a "pernicious liberalism" that embraces economic growth as "the nation's supreme social value." This liberalism has become a "hypocritical if not actually cynical" public philosophy that justifies "public irresponsibility" in the form of meager outlays for children in need. The desirable solution, in Epstein's view, is not family reunification or adoption, but better "surrogate care"; and this means more money for foster care as part of a new "strategy of generosity." After all of Epstein's bluster, then, his contribution to the literature falls into line with what he has himself criticized: he, too, has not offered a sustained examination of the effects of foster care on children, or even the kind of random sample or control group that he wants to see in other studies. And his two composite case studies establish, if anything, that the problem with the current foster care system runs far deeper than lack of funds.

The idea that the main problem with current child-care policy is a mentality of stinginess seriously underestimates the problem, and merely prolongs the stalemate between liberal and conservative approaches by confining the discussion to the amount of funding. Epstein briefly mentions that the real problem that we face is a general crisis of socialization: "Children's emotional, material, psychological, and social deficits result from disrupted and inadequate participation in the basic institutions of the American culture, most notably the family, the community, and the educational system. The failures of these institutions to socialize children are likely to be expressed graphically in crime, mental and physical disease, poverty, out-of-wedlock childbearing, school failure, and the wide range of inappropriate and oppositional social behaviors that impair the civic culture." The conclusion that Epstein draws, that "minimal programs" cannot address "serious cultural deprivation," rings true; but it seems to get lost as he champions compassion in public policy—mainly, more money for current programs. This is a jarring conclusion. It defies the many studies that portray a foster care system in

shambles, unable to deliver what young children need the most: continuous, unconditional love and attention from a single care-giver.

TURNING TO FAMILY policy more broadly, Mona Harrington also finds the American family experiencing breakdown—not just among the poor, but among all classes of Americans; and she attributes this to a larger systemic crisis. For Harrington, however, this is less a breakdown in socialization than a breakdown in strategy—in the method by which Americans take care of those who depend on others for basic sustenance, such as the young and the elderly.

Until the late twentieth century, Harrington contends, assumptions about female domesticity perpetually cast women in the role of caretaker and, as a result, society benefited from their unpaid labor. Now that increasing numbers of women are entering the workforce, that tradition is under direct attack. Until we arrive at a collective solution, care for dependents will remain grossly inadequate. Not only do families fall apart, but other institutions become severely overburdened as they struggle to take up the slack. Schools, for instance, must serve all kinds of additional purposes, such as after-school day care. In addition, people turn desperately to low-quality child-care arrangements where there is little regulation. Still others find it necessary to quit their jobs to care for their dependents.

Like Michel, Harrington thinks that the conservative way of dealing with this care crisis is to restore the traditional family, with women at home taking care of the children. When conservatives say that they favor an enlarged responsibility for parents, she writes, they mean an enlarged responsibility for women. In response, what is needed is a different family politics, based on a liberal set of family values: "privacy, responsible relation, and attentive care and equality." The main question, as she sees it, is how Americans can adopt "care as a national political value" without restoring women to an exclusive, unequal social role of caring for others.

Harrington proposes to change both liberal thinking and liberal policy. She believes that liberalism's failure to address "the moral dimension of families as a social unit" and its lack of a family politics have caused it to leave the entire issue of family to conservatives. To articulate a compelling "ethic of care" would entail engaging in discussions about morality, but from a liberal standpoint. Rather than focus on individual responsibility, as conservatives have done, liberals should articulate a sense of social responsibility,

to which not only individuals but also corporations and government could be held.

Any effort to find legitimate moral grounds for liberal politics, which so often eschews discussions of morality altogether, represents a promising line of thought. And an ethos of mutual responsibility, a corrective to an emphasis on the individual alone, would clearly hold men and women equally accountable for sharing the responsibilities of care, which is also desirable. After all, the 1990s have seen a growing realization, most dramatically exemplified by the rallies of the Promise Keepers and the Million Man March, that fathers need to renew their commitments to their families.

Still, Harrington shies away from challenging the orthodoxy of welfare-state liberalism. Her conception of mutual responsibility would have liberals abandon some of their emphasis on the needs of the individual, but not go so far as to embrace the family as the primary social unit. To do so, she thinks, would risk evoking what she calls the traditional family, which she assumes was uniformly oppressive to women. Unable to find a stronger defense for the family than its simultaneous provision of a "cocoon of privacy" and a "close connectedness," she defines it loosely as "a place for the practice of an intimate interdependence, an exchange of caregiving and care receiving."

Rather than going so far as to support the "traditional" family, Harrington believes that liberals should design policy for a new entity: "the individual-in-relation." This would allow them to think of the impact of policy on relationships, and on the individual's various responsibilities in those relationships. Americans have failed to embrace this kind of ethic of care until now, according to Harrington, because they interpret their responsibilities as purely private matters. And so "liberals must defy the prevailing concept of the family as an autonomous private entity wholly responsible for itself."

BUT IS THIS really the problem? By any and all measures, Americans hardly suffer from their tendency to keep their problems private, with the intention of solving them in stoic silence. Public policy, together with politics, the media, and the so-called helping professions, have successfully taken family matters out of the private sphere. Robert Hughes was right to characterize our culture as a "culture of complaint." In fact, as other observers have argued, the massive intrusions into the lives of families, and into the lives of individuals too, have created a new situation of dependence on government and on other sanctioned vari-

eties of expertise; and this has led to less stability, not more. Harrington calls for a new role for government in articulating a "conscious public design" behind policy. She seems to think that this is a novel suggestion. What about Progressivism, the New Deal, or the Great Society? What about the welfare state?

Harrington also gets lost in a muddled defense of the leadership of President Clinton, which she dubs "post-heroic." If "post-heroic" means "non-heroic," then Harrington will get no argument from me. But she has another meaning in mind. She pits a nurturing political style—Clinton's political style, in her view—against one that sees government as having a "warrior role." The warrior sees government's main role as eradicating enemies by acting against individual cases of wrongdoing, rather than taking on a more positive role of sensitively managing a "messy" public

argument, and welcoming indecisiveness and empathy, and inviting participation from those affected by proposed policies.

These are just a lot of New Left pieties, long gone stale. And "difference" feminism, which calls for remaking society along feminized lines, is also apparent in Harrington's notions. Any criticism of Clinton, in Harrington's view, amounts to a reactionary call for the restoration of the old order, which was one of unmitigated oppression and darkness. Harrington's failure to acknowledge the troubled history and the unintended consequences of so-called caring policies, her inability to transcend the simplistic political dichotomies that she has inherited from the 1960s, and her reluctance to find solid grounding for a defense of the family all seriously undercut her attempts to articulate a new public philosophy. While she clearly has more hope of reconciling

Island Vacation

Her lips the color of smeared pomegranate seeds.
His adam's apple raw as the head of a spike.
Her voice like water spilling over a reef.
His voice slow and accusing like a ring of smoke.

She orders grouper with lime butter and hazelnuts.
He settles for shrimp with star anise and orange.
He has always leaned on the power of her praise.
She has always feared his censure and depression.

The waves run out like the scratching of a pen.
In an alphabet whisper, she hears the writing
And the unwriting of their story like a tremor
Of how the island rose out of molten ash.

Tomorrow they will tilt the beach umbrella.
They will marvel at the topless German beauties.
They will see couples who've risen exhausted
From crumpled bed sheets, eager to return.

She will watch a sweat bee burrow in the sand.
He will eye a woman dressed for a sex scene.
Before their world falters he will plot his escape.
She will hear again the hours of their diminishment.

She will wonder what their moment is missing.
He will think he still looks decent at fifty-five.
This is the permanent sadness of island vacations:
Two people travel a great distance to watch

The blazing sunlight turn their shadows black.
They want to return to old familiar pleasures.
Yet by the time they arrive in paradise, they speak
In anger or not at all and they never enter the water,

Which stays warm enough to soothe and cradle.

J. P. White

motherhood and sexual equality than Michel does, she appears convinced that the only way to reconcile women's right to equality and society's need for care is a policy machine at the federal level that would enable women to remain in the workforce.

Harrington ultimately falls in line with Michel and Epstein in arguing for massive public outlays. Her proposals for bringing about a revolution in care include child care allowances, free pre-schools, universal health care, community centers, funded leave time, and—perhaps her most modest plan of all—a guaranteed annual income. Of course, it was precisely this faith in unlimited governmental spending to solve all of our woes that allowed liberals to be dismissed politically so handily in the 1980s and '90s. It is baffling, not to say politically suicidal, that many on the left continue to push for an ever-expanding welfare state, without taking into account guaranteed opposition from those who worry legitimately about fiscal irresponsibility, bureaucratic drift, and the kinds of unintended side-effects that past policies have caused, such as family breakup, chronic dependency, and hopelessness.

Both Michel and Harrington go so far as to argue for universal entitlements or income supports. Their idea, in part, is that if the middle class benefits from such policies, the policies will stop being stigmatized as anti-poverty measures. One possibility that these writers—and so many on the left—seem unable to grasp is that, even when the middle class might need such supports, it might not want them. After all, many Americans across the political spectrum, no matter how they actually behave, still want to measure success by the standard of such virtues as “work, thrift, temperance, fidelity, self-reliance, self-discipline,” as Gertrude Himmelfarb puts it in *One Nation, Two Cultures*. Even further, the reluctance to expand the welfare state comes not only from radical individualism, selfishness, or stinginess, but from the notion that a virtuous citizenry is the bedrock of democratic self-government. It is a tragedy that so many on the left seem unable to fathom this, and cling instead to the idea that anyone questioning universal welfare programs must be ungenerous, illiberal, uncompassionate, or (worst of all) neo-conservative.

MEANWHILE, TOO MANY on the left also abdicate the thrust of earlier movements to rein in the worst excesses of capitalism, not through the welfare state, but by targeting the market or the workplace as a source of inequality. In most contemporary debates

over the family and child care, there is little discussion of the possibility of significant social re-organization, beyond minimal plans such as flextime and the brief unpaid family leave allowed by law. But more ambitious plans have been brewing—not from the political left, but from within the world of corporate management itself.

To Harrington's credit, she cites such measures underway to reorganize the workplace. Lotte Bailyn, a professor at MIT's Sloan School of Management, argues for a reconfiguration of work itself to make it compatible with family life. In *Breaking the Mold: Women, Men, and Time in the New Corporate World*, published in 1993, she worries both that workers are pressured by the work-time/family-time squeeze, and that current “family-friendly” policies hurt women who take advantage of them by making it appear that they value domestic concerns over their work, so they end up getting treated unequally. What needs to change is the way work is done and the amount of time it takes.

As Harrington points out, Bailyn sees this restructuring as a boon to corporate profits, in the form of “less tension, less fatigue, better focus, less absenteeism, lower turnover, higher morale generally—and the talents of women who might otherwise quit or remain in part-time, lower-level jobs.” Bailyn has conducted pilot programs with Xerox, Corning, and other companies to explore ways in which work can be streamlined, reconceived as teamwork, and the like, in order to cut down on the amount of time that it demands. And Harrington cites other plans for reorganizing the workplace. The “30/40 plan” proposed by Ronald Healey would allow workers to earn a full-time salary for thirty hours of work. Some states have gone beyond the Family and Medical Leave Act by allowing for more leave time. The Massachusetts Small Necessities Leave Act, begun in 1998, allows workers in large companies twenty-four hours of unpaid leave a year for family emergencies—which is a miniscule amount of time compared, for instance, to that offered by a country such as Sweden.

When a reformer from within the corporate world claims that corporations could afford to make dramatic changes in work hours, schedules, and performance, it might be time to embrace the possibility. Even further, it might be time for a truce on some matters, between the right and left, traditionalists and progressives, corporations and the citizenry, to ensure that the reorganization of work really addresses the larger crisis of socialization. Until then, it is certainly time for a revived

political force from the citizenry that would extend the push for policies to reorganize work and the market along lines conducive to family responsibilities. In the absence of such a political movement, there is a great risk that these enlightened policies, when they originate in corporate management, could merely become another employer initiative that streamlines work by speeding it up, or wrests potential opposition from workers' control.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS valid possibilities for rearranging the workplace to accommodate family demands that would not foster a sense of the state as parent, or devolve into an entitlement mentality: a shorter workweek, or shorter workdays; continued implementation of flextime and telecommuting; longer paid and unpaid personal leaves; long part-time phase-in periods after parental leaves; full benefits for part-time work. As for the expense involved in such a drastic reorganization, surely there must be a little give in a system that pays corporate executives an ever-increasing and astronomical \$250 or so for every \$1 that workers earn. The appropriate principle to invoke might indeed be the principle of mutual responsibility, but a share of simple democratic justice and equality might also be in order. Anyway, even a modest redistribution within an otherwise untouched marketplace would pay huge social dividends. The rationale could be as simple as self-interest on the part of the rich, who might easily find themselves or their own children the next victims of social disorder.

Combined with a modest restraint in personal consumption, as Juliet Schor proposed at the end of *The Overworked American*, the restructuring of the workplace would go a long way toward addressing the worst problems that families have in reconciling work and family demands. The concern over the stigma of using family-friendly policies, thought to diminish any hopes that women might have of equality, would be mitigated if men and women used them equally. But here we come up against the reluctance of many liberals to embrace an enthusiastic advocacy of the family, complete with two parents, and the fondness of many liberals for the seemingly more open-minded “family of choice” idea—the notion that any conglomeration of consenting adults, and single-parent families, comprises an equally desirable family. This reluctance has caused many liberals to look disparagingly on all efforts to restore a sense of paternal responsibility as a return of patriarchal oppression.

Any real measure of equality for

You deserve a factual look at...

"Sacrifices for Peace"

What else does the world expect Israel to do?

There is persistent pressure on Israel, mostly from the Arab states, of course, but also from such good friends as the United States, to bring "sacrifices for peace." It is understood that these "sacrifices" refer to greater "flexibility" in dealing with the Arabs, but mean primarily that Israel should allow its dismemberment, in order to bring peace to the region.

What are the facts?

A Bizarre Concept. The concept to bring "sacrifices for peace" is a new one that has never before found application in world history. It was created by Arab propaganda to induce Israel to agree to its dismemberment, to give strategic assets to those who are determined to destroy it, and to allow such self-destructive events as the creation of a hostile state in its heartland and the division of its capital.

Since its creation in 1948, Israel has been subjected to almost constant Arab terror, to unceasing Arab aggression, and to three major wars. Israel emerged victorious from each of these wars. In the Six-Day War, it recovered its heartland of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem, its capital city, that had been occupied by the Jordanians; it captured the Golan Heights from Syria, which had been used for decades to shell and spread terror over much of northern Israel; and it conquered Gaza and the Sinai Desert that had been used by Egypt as staging ground and invasion route to Israel.

Many Sacrifices for Peace. In order to achieve peace with its neighbors, Israel brought sacrifices for peace that have no precedent in the history of the world. For peace with Egypt, Israel returned the entire Sinai. There is little thanks on the part of Egypt for this generosity and this sacrifice for peace. In the over 20 years since the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel was signed, Egypt has still not established normal channels of cultural and commercial relations with Israel. The controlled Egyptian press spews daily anti-Israel venom. President Mubarak has never visited Jerusalem. It is the coolest possible peace. A sacrifice for peace brought in vain—probably a major act of folly on the part of Israel.

The Arab countries, not Israel, are the oppressors in the Middle East; it is they who are killing peace. The PLO, apart from the bloody crimes that it has committed against Israel, has ordered massacres of over 100,000 Lebanese civilians between 1982 and 1990. It has now established a virtual dictatorship in the territory allotted to it—torture and terror are the order of the day. In Egypt, thousands of Copts have been killed and their churches burned. President Assad of Syria has occupied Lebanon and has killed and tortured thousands. Iraq, under its dictator Saddam Hussein, is a rogue state attacking its neighbors and killing its own citizens, including with poison gas. Saudi Arabia is a monarchical tyranny. It prohibits the exercise of any religion except the most orthodox form of Islam. Jews are not allowed in the country. Christians are jailed or worse. Sudan is engaged in the systematic slaughter and enslavement of its black African people. How strange that nobody asks the Palestinians or any of the Arab states to bring any sacrifices at all for peace. Only Israel, an island of peacefulness and civility in that ocean of violence and turmoil, is incessantly being asked to bring such sacrifices. Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police." Billy clubs are good enough for London Bobbies. Why should any more be needed to patrol Nablus, Hebron and Bethlehem?

Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police".

Israel made sacrifices for peace by signing a peace treaty with Jordan. In that peace, Israel granted Jordan a large yearly allowance of fresh water from its own dwindling and meager resources and accepted a petty demand for "border rectification"—yielding of land. That peace is almost as cold as that with Egypt.

As for Syria, no offered sacrifice for peace seems to be sufficient to satisfy its dictator, President Hafez Assad. Nothing will satisfy him and he is unwilling to consider even an ice-cold peace, except on terms of Israel's total surrender of the Golan Heights. Unfortunately for Israel and for the world, the current Israeli government seems to be seriously

considering such a "sacrifice for peace".

The greatest sacrifice for peace that Israel has brought was the resuscitation of the bankrupt and moribund PLO terror organization and the acceptance of its "chairman"

Yasser Arafat as a negotiating partner. In this ill-advised process, foisted on Israel by world pressure and by a previous government, Israel has made far-reaching and existential sacrifices and concessions. It has yielded control of the Gaza Strip and of all major "West Bank" cities to the Palestinian Authority and has agreed to detailed plans to grant further autonomy to the Palestinians. In what is probably the ultimate folly in this process, Israel has tolerated the formation of a Palestinian "police force" (actually an army) of 40,000 men—the largest police-to-population ratio in the world (!)—and has equipped this "police force" with a complete arsenal of automatic weapons. As the world now knows, these weapons were turned on Israeli soldiers and civilians at the very first opportunity that the Palestinian leaders provoked.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____ /56C

☐ My contribution is in the amount of \$100 or more. Please send me your videotape on three important aspects of Israel's strategic situation, fiery speeches by Yasser Arafat, and some memorable moments with Louis Farrakhan.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to : FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

women, and any real measure of success and stability for families—as well as care for children and others—can clearly only come from an equal shouldering of family responsibilities. Accounts such as Sonya Michel's seem to rest on a widespread cynicism about the role of fathers and husbands. This is what makes most feminists turn fatalistically to the federal government before they would demand that men fulfill their responsibilities for committed childrearing. In fact, one of the most interesting and promising developments is the increasing role that many American fathers have decided to play in their children's lives as a response to the work-family conflict. In 1993, *The New York Times* reported a Census Bureau finding that "married fathers cared for 23 percent of children while their wives worked, up from 18 percent in 1988." In 1994, *Jet* magazine quoted James Levine, director of the Fatherhood Project of the Families and Work Institute in New York, as stating that "it's the best kept secret in American child care: the percentage of men who

are primary caregivers for their children."

What is also missing, finally, from most discussions of the ways Americans could reconcile the demands of work and home is the recognition that the proper care of children involves more than time. It does not take extreme stories of abuse and neglect such as those in William M. Epstein's book to make us realize that the mere presence of an adult does not guarantee that children will thrive. A child needs not only parents: a child also needs good parents. The crisis of the American family involves not just confusion over how to find time to be a parent, but a larger conundrum about how to find time, energy, resolve, endurance, the right balance of love and discipline—in sum, the spiritual resources that go into being good parents. This is a huge task. It has a civic side, since we owe to posterity a world worth the Herculean efforts that children will make to grow up in it. And on the private side, the very least that we owe children is an upbringing that will give them half a chance of doing so. ■

with relatives previously unknown to him. At least in wartime England the children and their guardians were all on the same side politically; it is perhaps too much to hope that the virulent anti-Castro feelings of Elián's Miami family won't seep into their relationship with him. At this moment, American politicians of every stripe must make Elián's psychological well-being, not jockeying for position in some pathetic post-cold-war endgame, their primary concern.

SONYA MICHEL

Director

Women's Studies Program

University of Illinois at

Urbana-Champaign

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 7

is unimpeachable, and I deeply resent its distortion under Soskis's bile; I demand an apology from him and from THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Oh, about the Confederate flag: Back in June 1994 at a National Review Institute conservative seminar, I delivered an address (published by *National Review* in April 1997) that contained a blistering attack on the "primitive redneck element [that] has captured the Stars & Bars and elevated it less in remembrance of the valor of the men who fought under its colors than in blatant display of their [the rednecks'] desperate bigotry," concluding, "The dispute—it seems to me—is settled as simply as this, if I put up a sign that my neighbor finds offensive, common courtesy requires that I oblige his sensibilities." That is, in the event Soskis is unable to draw the inference, take the flag down. I presume he will strike his colors also.

REID BUCKLEY
Camden, South Carolina

BENJAMIN SOSKIS REPLIES:

I was unaware of Reid Buckley's dissociation from *Southern Partisan*, and I apologize for neglecting to mention it in my article. As for the term "race-baiting," I am happy to substitute "racially insensitive" if Buckley prefers—and, for evidence, I refer the reader to the article on democracy that I quoted in my piece, in which Buckley characterizes the "Latin" understanding

of that form of government thusly: "[S]enor, there ees no meesteree about eet. You geeve the vote to every paisan, and then you shoot the estupidos who vote against you." Finally, I would like to thank Buckley for reinforcing the essential point of my article: that any responsible public figure would think twice before associating with a magazine like *Southern Partisan*.

Don't give up

TO THE EDITORS:

My response to Margaret Talbot's TRB ("Homesick," January 31) is "Brava!" One small emendation, however: Parents did not send children directly to the Hampstead Nurseries to protect them from the blitz; thousands of children were first evacuated to the English countryside, ending up at Hampstead only if they displayed symptoms of trauma or other psychiatric disorders. Some had survived bomb attacks, others had lost one or both parents in the war, and many were so affected by separation from their homes and families that they simply could not adjust to their new situations, however kind and well-meaning their assigned guardians.

Details aside, Talbot is drawing the correct parallel. Elián González has suffered in all these ways, having barely survived a harrowing tragedy at sea in which he lost his mother. He now finds himself in somewhat familiar but still new surroundings

TO THE EDITORS:

In her piece "Homesick," Margaret Talbot quoted me out of context. It is true that in Yvonne Conde's *Operation Pedro Pan: The Untold Exodus of 14,048 Cuban Children* I am quoted as stating that the imminent separation from my eleven-year-old daughter in 1992 at Newark Airport as she boarded a plane for Tampa caused me to experience a painful flashback to October 20, 1961, when I separated from my own parents at Havana's airport to come to the United States. However, Talbot failed to include the most important part of that account: "Suddenly, I was at the other side of the *pecera* (the fish-bowl, as the glass-encased waiting room was called). Suddenly, I was in the place of my mother and father. . . . I would never separate from my daughter. . . ."

I belong to that 70 percent of Pedro Pan children whose experience was positive. I am also one of the 33 percent who feel that they could not send their children abroad and separate from them indefinitely under similar circumstances. Being on the other side of the partition, about to separate from my daughter, made manifest in my soul the pain of my parents, as well as my own. But Talbot is insensitive and mistaken to use the term "send away," as if our elders considered us refuse. As our parents saw it, they were delivering us to a safe and familiar haven—the United States—in the care of an equally familiar institution, the Catholic Church, so as to spare us many other traumas that they, as adults, were already witnessing firsthand: Communist indoctrination; compulsory military service; militarization of civil society and education; harassment of religious believers of all denominations; summary trials and executions by the thousands; mass arrests; cancellation of constitutional rights and habeas corpus; and the formation of informant networks on every street in the country, much like in Stalinist Russia or Nazi Germany, to enforce compliance with the one-party,

one-ideology system.

The fact that Pedro Pan children would themselves find it difficult or impossible to separate from their own children in no way undermines the benefits they reaped from being sent to the United States, despite the traumas. Talbot obviously does not feel that Elián faces “grave physical or psychological jeopardy” that would justify the decision “to override a child’s right to remain with his parents” and vice versa. But, if Elián is sent back to Cuba, henceforth his life will include compulsory ideological allegiance to communism. He will be raised not in a humane environment, as is every child’s right, but in one permeated by hostility, hatred, resentment, and plain lies about the family members who have cared for him with dedication and love since he was rescued in November. He will have to join the Young Pioneers, where he will march around like a miniature soldier and repeat every day that he wants to be like the cold-blooded murderer Che Guevara. How can any American fail to understand that all of the above constitutes “grave physical or psychological jeopardy,” when in this country even exposing children to secondhand cigarette smoke is considered child abuse?

Elisabeth Brotons, Elián’s dead mother, did not send her son abroad by herself. She took the journey with him, apparently—as recent evidence suggests—with the blessings of the boy’s father, her ex-husband. I would leave Cuba with my child, as Brotons did with hers, if it meant survival for both of us. And I would come back from the dead to haunt any man or woman who sent my child back to hell after I gave up my life to the sharks in order to deliver him from it.

ILEANA FUENTES
Miami, Florida

Showdown at the TNR Corral

TO THE EDITORS:

Let me see if I have this straight. David Thomson (“How False Was My Valley,” January 31) didn’t like the dust-jacket design of my book. He didn’t like the title of my book (*Print the Legend: The Life and Times of John Ford*). He really didn’t like the subject of my book. And he doesn’t think much of Ford’s attitudes toward history.

I suppose all this falls under the category of fair comment, however blatantly egomaniacal. What emphatically does not fall under fair comment are misquotations—in the excerpt on page 41 of your magazine—and, far more importantly, Thomson’s blatant slanting of the historical record.

Thomson states that Ford hired Navajo

extras “dirt cheap.” I write in the book that he paid Navajos \$18 per day, at a time when he was paying white extras \$12 per day. (The latter amount, incidentally, is much closer to the going rate for the industry at large in the late ‘40s than the former.) But that unfortunate fact, as well as the reality that the Navajos of Monument Valley revere Ford to this day, would seem to negate Thomson’s absurd implication of racism, as well as the heart of his diatribe: that Ford was a man without any redeeming qualities, and, by the way, his movies aren’t all that good, either.

Thomson’s article was not a review but an exceedingly arbitrary, borderline unprofessional screed on a subject that has always been one of his pet peeves.

SCOTT EYMAN
Palm Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITORS:

I was quite surprised to have been told that in the middle of David Thomson’s review of Scott Eyman’s *Print the Legend: The Life and Times of John Ford* there was a rather vicious sideswipe at my recent biography of Wyatt Earp, *Inventing Wyatt Earp: His Life and Many Legends*. Thomson berates Eyman for using my book as the definitive work on Earp. “Allen Barra is, at best, a legend-loyal historian,” Thomson writes. “His book on Wyatt Earp has not exactly been acclaimed by historians.” In support of this, Thomson quotes a review by Yale historian John Mack Faragher in a recent edition of the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*.

I’d like to be generous-minded and assume that Thomson’s remarks on my Earp biography are not payback for my own negative review of his Earp novel, *Silver Light*, in a national magazine a few years back. I should probably extend the generosity to Faragher, whose essays on Earp come under heavy criticism in my book. In any event, I would like to point out that not only was *Inventing Wyatt Earp* recently listed by *The New York Times* in its “New and Notable” selections but that, contrary to Thomson’s assertion, the reviews from historians have been quite ecstatic and can be seen in part on the back and inside covers of the newly published paperback edition. *Inventing Wyatt Earp* is also a selection of the History Book Club.

I don’t know what beef Thomson has with Eyman or Ford, and it’s all the same to me what sources he chooses to base his novels on. But, when he enters the realm of facts concerning Earp and Tombstone, he’s in my domain, and he had damned well better justify himself. I take great pains in my book to demonstrate that one of Thomson’s favorite texts, *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone* by Pulitzer Prize-

winner Frank Waters, is in fact fraudulent, a view now regarded among Earp researchers as sound.

When Thomson writes that “[t]he famous showdown at the O.K. Corral was not a monumental victory for law and order” but “just one nasty event in a sequence of struggles for power, women, and money,” I’m afraid he is constructing a scenario even sillier than the one Ford used for *My Darling Clementine*. As I carefully document in my book, the Earp brothers were fully authorized U.S. deputy and Tombstone town marshals, while the Clantons and their associates were cattle thieves maintaining a thriving business in Mexican stock—a business that depended heavily on murder. The Earps were exonerated for their killing of the cowboys in the O.K. Corral fight, which had less to do with “power, women, and money” than with the rustlers’ arrogant refusal to surrender their illegal weapons to authority. I’m sorry that these facts don’t fit with the case that Thomson wants to make about Eyman and Ford, but history often has a way of being inconvenient for dogmatists.

ALLEN BARRA
South Orange, New Jersey

DAVID THOMSON REPLIES:

My apologies to Scott Eyman and John Ford for getting Ford’s payment to the Navajo extras wrong. The facts do credit to Ford, although they don’t alter my reservations about his treatment of Native Americans on-screen. If Eyman read my review again and acted a little bit less like Ward Bond with a saber wound in a private place, he would see how much I praised his book. I didn’t like his title because it seemed to endorse a Fordian attitude that prefers the legend to the facts. I hold to that, just as I like Eyman’s book for being the best record of the facts.

As for Allen Barra, the Earps, and Barra’s sense of “domain,” I’m happy to hear about his happiness with his book. It is a very good read. It’s just that I see the Earps as people who tried many things (including prospecting, gambling, roaming, and trying to be personalities) in that Western scramble to survive. So I don’t view them as different from the people they opposed at the O.K. Corral. By the way, is this the Barra who reviewed Eyman’s book in the *Los Angeles Times*? ■

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Please address letters to Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 (letters may also be sent electronically to tnr@aol.com). All letters should include the writer’s full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be fewer than 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please do not send letters via fax.

PITTSFIELD DIARIST

City Limits

DURING THE SUNDAY-morning talk shows, a barrage of General Electric commercials drive home the company's corporate message: "We're a good neighbor." G.E. employees and retirees, one ad tells us, will spend more than a million hours this year doing community service. But none of the glossy spots—invariably showing beautiful people, presumably G.E. employees, teaching disadvantaged children to read and dance—mention the countless hours the company will spend this year dredging up pollutants in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

GROWING UP, I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT odd that my grandparents lived in Pittsfield. Technically, the city is in the Berkshires, a region renowned for gorgeous mountains, crystalline lakes, Tanglewood, the Williamstown Theater Festival, and Jacob's Pillow. But "summer in the Berkshires," as the tourist brochures read, doesn't come to Pittsfield. The downtown is dead, empty of pedestrians and consumer life. "Red Lobster comes to Pittsfield and closes," one local restaurateur observed to a trade magazine in 1998. "What does that tell you?"

IT WASN'T ALWAYS THIS WAY. IN 1903 G.E. purchased its first building in Pittsfield, and for the next 70 years the company—and the city—prospered. Pittsfield became a center for G.E.'s transformer, plastic, and defense industries. At its height, during World War II, the company's Pittsfield plant employed close to 14,000 people; in the '50s, three of every four town workers were employed by G.E. "Graduate from high school on Friday," the saying went, "start working at G.E. on Monday." And G.E.'s high wages made Pittsfield a prosperous place. Photographs from the '50s show North Street, today a desolate strip of boarded-up buildings, alive with activity: spanking new sedans cruise the streets, shoppers crowd the sidewalks, and merchandise fills every storefront window. A few blocks away was the train station—an architectural gem modeled after the old Pennsylvania Station in New York City—through

which hundreds of travelers passed each day. It has since been torn down.

BUT IN THE '70S G.E.'S EYE BEGAN TO wander. As foreign competition increased and prices for raw materials rose, the company began to shift its operations to the nonunion South, where production costs were lower. By the early '90s, G.E. had shuttered all but one plant in Pittsfield. The company now employs about 700 people, a mere five percent of its wartime high.

A PRETTY TYPICAL STORY, REALLY. Over the past three decades, vast chunks of industry have moved from the Rust Belt to the Sun Belt. While G.E. may have shown a lack of loyalty, corporate willingness to shed unprofitable plants is at least part of the reason for America's recent manufacturing revival. What G.E. did to Pittsfield would have been sad but hardly criminal, except for one thing: pollutants. In 1977, the Environmental Protection Agency revealed that the Housatonic River (which runs through Pittsfield) and the town's groundwater were heavily contaminated with polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs. Fill contaminated with the chemicals was used by the city to build everything from schoolyards and playgrounds to backyards. PCBs were one of G.E.'s ultramodern tools: nonflammable fluids used as insulation in electric transformers. G.E. workers had been, quite literally, knee-deep in the stuff from the late '20s until 1977, when its use was outlawed. That year, the EPA declared that PCBs were probable carcinogens with definitive noncancer health effects that included liver and nervous-system damage. They were also thought to cause developmental abnormalities, including lower IQs, in fetuses and young children.

THE NEIGHBORLY THING TO DO, OF course, would have been for G.E. to clean up the mess it made. After all, there was ample evidence of the damage PCBs had wrought in Pittsfield. One study revealed that children exposed for just one summer to a stretch of the Housatonic "face[d] noncancer risks 200 times higher than the hazard-index level EPA considers safe." G.E.'s industrial park, which the company had abandoned, was so contaminated that no other industry could move into it. And 130 residential properties were found to have alarming levels of PCBs. But G.E. didn't do the neighborly thing. Although the company stopped using PCBs when the EPA outlawed them, G.E. didn't take sufficient measures to prevent the pollutants underneath its plant from seeping into the groundwater and nearby river. When the EPA proposed designating Pittsfield a "Super Fund" cleanup site, the company

threatened to close its one remaining local office. Officially, G.E. was just looking out for Pittsfield—Super Fund status, it claimed, would "saddle [the city] unnecessarily with the stigma." But, in reality, it was G.E. that didn't want to fork over hundreds of millions of dollars for cleanup, or the stigma an EPA designation would create. A company with one of the highest market capitalizations of any U.S. corporation was crying poverty.

G.E.'S HARD LINE DIVIDED PITTSFIELD. In 28 full-page ads in the local newspaper, *The Berkshire Eagle*, the company continued to deny its responsibility for decontamination. The city's business community, worried that publicity about the pollution might further damage Pittsfield's already depressed economy, warned community activists to keep quiet. Meanwhile, activists working to hold G.E. accountable for the PCBs split into two groups: one worried about making Pittsfield safe for homeowners, while the other was primarily concerned with cleaning up the river. Various attempts to remodel Pittsfield into a Berkshires tourist attraction—like the neighboring towns of Lenox and Great Barrington—foundered. Right now, Pittsfield's most promising redevelopment plan comes from folksinger Arlo Guthrie, who wants to open a nightclub and restaurant in the abandoned downtown.

LAST OCTOBER, 22 YEARS AFTER THE pollution was first revealed, G.E. signed what residents hope is the first of many cleanup deals. The company agreed to begin dredging the first two of the 55 miles of the Housatonic that are contaminated by PCBs; G.E. estimates this will take about \$150 million, but some believe the cleanup may eventually reach \$800 million. And the October environmental agreement only covers the pollution of east Pittsfield. In December the EPA announced that west Pittsfield, long thought to be free from pollutants, was similarly contaminated. "We're going to have to take a look at the findings," said one G.E. spokesman, "and review the data before we can draw any conclusions"—as if the pollutants could have come from any other source.

MY GRANDFATHER DIED IN 1990. BUT my grandmother still lives in Pittsfield. If you ask her, she'll happily recall the days when she went to the Pittsfield station to take the train to New York or fought the crowds on North Street to get into stores. But she doesn't venture out too much anymore. She tells me, "I'm not the gal I used to be." Neither is Pittsfield.

SARAH WILDMAN

THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

Calvin Klein
underwear

introducing microfib

